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ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



No. 11.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' BRETON COSTUME.—(For Description see Next Page.)

LADIES' BRETON COSTUME.—(For Illustration see Preceding Page.)

FIGURE NO. 1.—This costume includes a skirt cut by pattern No. 4886, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. The polonaise is cut by pattern No. 4998, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and also costs 35 cents. The skirt hangs very gracefully, having fan-gores inserted in the back, which fall easily into the outlines required by Fashion. The polonaise is one of the latest and most elegant designs, and unites the most charming features of the Breton style with the plain drapery at present so fashionable. The material made up is a brocaded woolen. The trimming consists of wide and narrow galloon or Titan braid, though embroidered or Breton bands are considered very popular for such garments as require flat decorations. Bands may be embroidered by hand in any favorite design. In making the costume for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide are needed for the skirt, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, for the polonaise.



6002
Front View.



4988
Front View.



4988
Back View.

BOYS' ETON JACKET.

No. 4988.—This garment is very jaunty for general or school wear, and is made of fine cloth of a dark shade. The pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a boy of 11 years, 2 yards of goods 27 inches wide will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6002
Back View.

LADIES' LONG BRETON JACKET.

No. 6002.—One of the most graceful shapes which the Breton style of jacket has yet assumed is here delineated. The material represented is lady's-cloth, and the trimming consists of heavy white braid. Pearl buttons are used in closing the right side, and also in ornamenting the opposite jacket-front. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. In making the garment for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, are needed.



4989
Front View.



4989
Back View.

MISSES' BASQUE, BUTTONED DIAGONALLY.

No. 4989.—This model is made of suit goods and illustrates the diagonal style of closing. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, in making the basque for a miss of 12 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4996
Front View.



4996
Back View.

MISSES' BRETON JACKET.

No. 4996.—The pattern to this jacket is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 25 cents. To make the jacket for a miss of 13 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the vest, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the vest, will be necessary.

BOYS' SAILOR BLOUSE WAIST.

No. 6009.—The jaunty sailor blouse is one of the leading styles of waists for young boys and is here represented in a most attractive form. Any soft material is suitable for such waists. The pattern



4987

Front View.

6009

Front View.

6009

Back View.

is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age and costs 20 cents. Of material 27 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard are needed in making the waist for a boy of 7 years.

LADIES' SINGLE-BREADED CLOAK.

No. 4987.—A cloak of graceful proportions and ample depth, made of beaver and trimmed with Hercules braid and buttons, is pictured in these engravings.



4987

Back View.

Any material in use for cloaks may be applied to the model with assured success. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the garment for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

GIRLS' HOUSE SACK.

No. 6017.—This sack is made of scarlet flannel, and has loose fronts and a French back. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the sack for a girl of 6



4981

Front View.

6017

Front View.

6017

Back View.

years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

LADIES' HALF-FITTING CLOAK, WITH A CAPE.

(DESIRABLE FOR ELDERLY LADIES.)

No. 4981.—This cloak is particularly desirable for elderly ladies, but this fact does not detract from its suitability for those who are younger. The model is



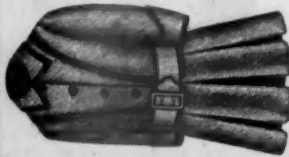
4981

Back View.

adapted to any cloaking material and will admit of any fashionable decoration. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of material 54 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards are needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

LITTLE BOYS' DRESS.

No. 6010.—A natty little dress of marine-blue flannel, trimmed with mohair braid, is pictured in these engravings. The model is nicely adapted to any of the materials from which little boys' dresses are usually made and is in 5 sizes for little fellows from 2 to 6 years of age. In making the dress for a boy of 5 years, 3½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



6010

Front View.

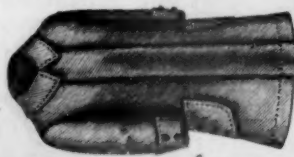


6010

Back View.

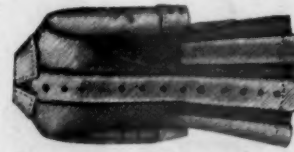
CHILD'S APRON.

No. 6020.—A charming little garment that may also be worn as a slip or dress is illustrated by this engraving, and is made of cambric and ornamented with machine-stitching and buttons. In making the garment for a child of 5 years, 3½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is suitable for cambric, percale, print or any apron material, and is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



6020

Front View.



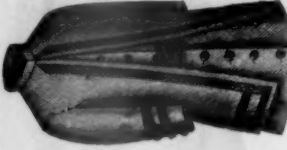
6020

Back View.



CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 4993.—These engravings illustrate a very handsome little dress made of merino. The front closes with button-holes and buttons, and a sash passes about the waist and ties at the back. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a child of 5 years, 2½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, will be required.



4993

Front View.

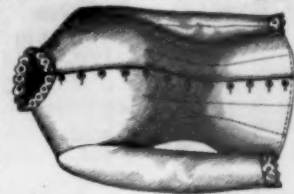


4993

Back View.

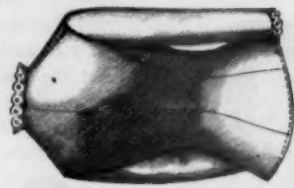
MISSES' LONG-SLEEVED CORSET-COVER.

No. 6001.—This corset-cover is made of firm bleached muslin and neatly trimmed with narrow Hamburg edging. It is fitted high at the neck, and has full-length coat sleeves. In making the garment as represented for a miss of 12 years, 1½ yard of material 36 inches wide are needed. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



6001

Front View.



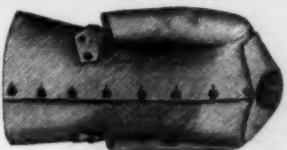
6001

Back View.

FIGURE NO. 2.—BOYS' SUIT.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This suit is made of Cheviot and finished with machine-stitching. The pants are cut by pattern No. 4951, price 15 cents. The jacket is cut by pattern No. 4983, which costs 25 cents and like the pants model is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. Under the jacket is a shirt-waist cut by pattern No. 3981, which is in 9 sizes for boys from 2 to 10 years of age and costs 20 cents.

CHILD'S COAT.



4997

Front View.

To make the garment for a child of 4 years, 2½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard of material 48 inches wide, will be required.



4997

Back View.

GIRLS' COAT, WITH DOUBLE-BREASTED VEST.



4995

Front View.

The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age and costs 25 cents.



4995

Back View.

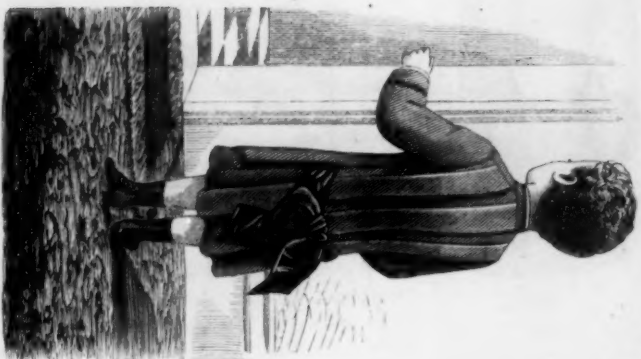


FIGURE NO. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This little costume consists of a single garment and is made of navy-blue flannel. Any material in vogue for children's wear makes up prettily in this way. The pattern, which is No. 4993, is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age and costs 25 cents. In making the suit for a child of 5 years, 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, will be needed.



6008

Front View.

and its price is 20 cents. In making the costume for a child of 4 years, 2½ yards of 22-inch-wide goods, or 1½ yard of 48-inch-wide goods, will be required.



6008

Back View.

CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 6008.—This cunning little dress is made of cashmere and neatly trimmed with braid and buttons. Bands of the material may be used if preferred. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age.

BOYS' COSTUME.



4982

Front View.

The pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age and costs 25 cents. In making the costume for a boy of 4 years, 2½ yards of goods 27 inches wide will be required.



4982

Back View.

LADIES' BLOUSE, WITH A YOKE.

No. 6007.—The plaited blouse with a plain deep yoke is one of the most fashionable styles of waist. The material made up is vigogne, and the trimming consists of black ribbon velvet. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the blouse for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, are needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6007

Front View.



6007

Back View.



6019

Front View.



6019

Back View.

BIB COLLAR.

(FOR MISSES, GIRLS AND CHILDREN.)

No. 6019.—Although this handsome little article of neckwear is made of lace insertion and edging, it may be cut from piqué or any of the materials made up into such collars and trimmed with embroidery. Embroidery and lace are often combined in making bib collars. The pattern is in three sizes for misses, girls and children, and its price is 10 cents. To make the collar from 22-inch-wide goods, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required.



6003

Front View.



6003

Back View.

MISSES' SINGLE-BREASTED CLOAK.

No. 6003.—Suit goods or cloakings make up agreeably in this way and may be finished in any neat manner. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 30 cents. In making a cloak in the manner represented for a miss of 13 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required.



4999

Front View.



6021

Front View.



6021

Back View.

MITT PATTERN.

No. 6021.—If goods are bought for the purpose, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 22 inches wide will make these mitts for hands measuring $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches back of the knuckles. The pattern is in 15 sizes from 4 to 11 inches about the hand back of the knuckles, and costs 10 cents.

MISSES' BRETON OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4999.—The material represented in this over-skirt is twilled de beige, and the trimming consists of white woolen braid. A fancy pocket-lap is added on the right front, and the plaited back drapery is crossed by a Breton strap. In making the over-skirt for a miss of 12 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 25 cents.



4999

Back View.

MISSSES' BLOUSE, WITH YOKE.

6004
Front View.

No. 6004.—This blouse is made of *de beige* and trimmed with yak lace. It is in plain yoke shape at the top and has a gathered lower portion, which is confined at the waist-line by a belt. The sleeves are in coat shape and the neck has a standing collar. The yoke may be outlined with narrow bands, pipings or cordings of silk or velvet, with a charming result. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. In making the blouse for a miss of 11 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

6004
Back View.

6014

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6014.—The pattern to this pretty garment is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. In making the over-skirt for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required.



4986

LADIES' ENGLISH MORNING ROBE.

No. 4986.—This shapely and becoming house dress is made of Tyecon reps and trimmed with bands of white-edged velvet and bows of the material. The style of trimming is suggestive of the Breton effect at the front of the garment. The engraving delineates the modish contour of the back and the neat arrangement of the decorations. The latter may be replaced by Breton bands or folds of silk or velvet. Any material adapted to the purpose makes up with exceptional elegance in this mode. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. In making the dress for a lady of medium size, $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, are needed.



4991

LADIES' COMBINATION SACK
CHEMISE AND OPEN
KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS.

No. 4991.—The combination of drawers and chemise in one garment is illustrated in this model. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and calls for $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 36 inches wide in making the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

LADIES' BRETON BLOUSE.

No. 6013.—The pattern to this blouse is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. In making the blouse for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, are needed. Two shades of the same material combine prettily in such a garment, either shade being used for trimming in place of the galloon.



6013

Front View.



6013

Back View.

CHILD'S HOOD, IN ONE PIECE.

No. 728.—This hood is made of blue merino and is gathered just back of the front edge and also across the neck to shape it to the head and divide it into the hood and cape portions. The frill at the front is overlaid with tulle intermingled with ribbon loops, and is stayed with



728

cap or ribbon wire. The ties are of ribbon, and a bow of the same is at the neck. The pattern is in 3 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 10 cents. To make the hood for a child of 6 years, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of goods 27 inches wide will be needed.



FIGURE NO. 4.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 4.—A polonaise and skirt compose this costume. The polonaise was cut by pattern No. 4994, which is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age and costs 25 cents. The skirt was cut by pattern No. 4829, which is in the same number of sizes as the polonaise pattern and costs 20 cents. In making the costume for a girl of 7 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide will form the skirt, while the polonaise will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 22-inch-wide goods or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 48-inch-wide goods.

GIRLS' RIDING-HOOD.

No. 6016.—This hood is made of flannel, and embroidered with white cotton. The edges and seams are finished with a box-plaited ruche of the material. A bow of flannel is at the top of the front and also at the back of the neck. The pattern is in 9 sizes for girls from 1 to 9



6016

years of age, and its price is 15 cents. To make the hood for a girl of 5 years, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 22-inch-wide goods or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 48-inch-wide material will be required, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of Canton flannel 27 inches wide for lining.

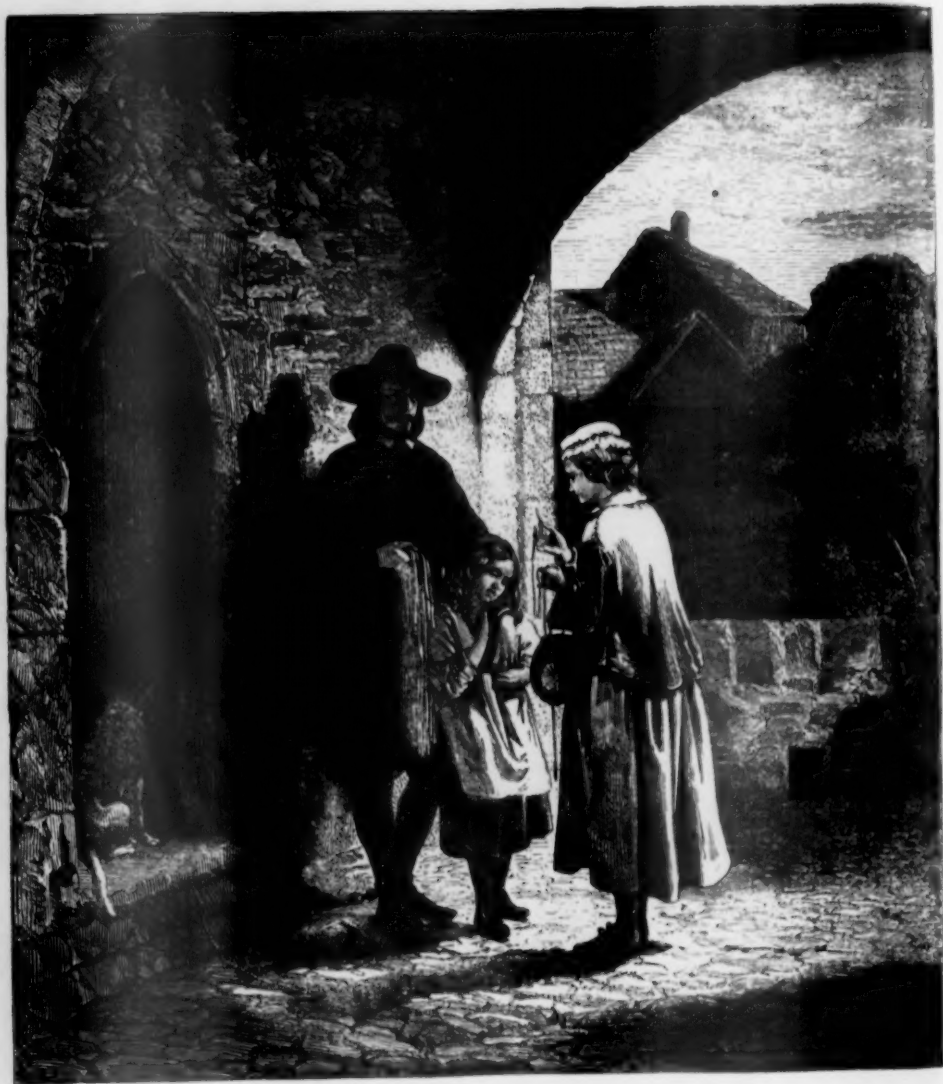
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BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND DAUGHTER.—Page 619.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLV.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

No. 11.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY MARIAN CARRILL.

"NOW that there's only two of us," remarked Mrs. Coverdale, addressing her sister-in-law Agnes, "I want to break up housekeeping. It's too hot on me; I'm getting old. If Kaige would only marry and take possession here, I'd go to boarding as very next day. It's too provoking; there's my girls, both younger, and both married, while he, at nearly five, seems to be settling down into regular old bachelorhood."

Mrs. Coverdale, having just called after a year's absence South, asked, was there no lady for whom her nephew manifested a preference?

"None," was the answer; "unless some slight emotion paid Miss Angela Fothergill might be so married."

The next question put the aggrieved parent was, did she broached the subject of matrimony.

"Over and over," was the reply.

"And mentioned Miss Fothergill?"

"Time and again."

Mrs. Coverdale thought there was the difficulty, and sighed his being left alone.

Imagine her astonishment, thoroughly well bred and lady-like in its manifestation, at being informed that she was the difficulty.

"You are by far too young, too handsome, too remarkable every way, Agnes. I often feel like quarreling with you for being so superior to our sex. Wise, prudent, entirely self-poised, you never under any circumstances lose your mental equilibrium. Kaige's admiration for such qualities is without stint or bound. He says if Heaven has not made such a woman for him, he'll die single."

"What is Miss Fothergill like?" inquired Agnes Coverdale, quickly ignoring this tribute to her worth.

"A good girl enough, but a perfect baby. If there's anything Kaige particularly abominates in a woman, apart from absolute carelessness, it's that. Angela's so sure to be depended on than a money bird. She screams if she sees a beetle, is awfully afraid of the water, and almost goes into spasms during a thunder-storm."

After discussing the subject at length, and criti-

cising Miss Fothergill's photograph, Mrs. Coverdale inquired after Kaige.

According to Mrs. Coverdale, he had gone off on some "mysterious journey." "He writes him, too," she declared; then produced a postal card containing but two lines, stating that the writer expected to be absent from first to six weeks, and she was not to worry.

"Perhaps he goes to meet his fate," remarked Aunt Agnes.

She was right; he did. We are often led, in to speak, out of the back gate, up blind alleys, and through scenes all unfamiliar, to meet our fate. One is utterly unconscious of one's ground, has, sometimes rebelliously, even when one and, once arrived at, proves pleasant to both soul and sense.

"You're your father's own son, my boy?" exclaimed a hearty voice, and a hand like a sledge-hammer came down on the would-be-bachelor's shoulder. "Ain't your name Coverdale?"

The dialogue immediately ensuing was "short, sharp, decisive." Yes, it was Coverdale.

"Kaige?"

"Right, sir."

Maybe he didn't remember "Cap'n" Bowditch?

Now that the subject was mentioned the young man did remember him with very great pleasure. How was the captain?

"Staunch, sir, staunch. Sorry I've not time for compliments. Not a minute to spare to find out whether Rick Coverdale's enterprise will succeed or not. However, my lad, now I think of it, I suppose you question of mine for the advertisement; maybe we'll have opportunities a plenty in such new matters and things. It is some important thing, pardon; but seeing you here, I'm pretty well knowing what to do with yourself; put it in my head. To be sure," crying him critically, "you've got some clothes on; but that ain't anything. Some of the best-dressed men I know are unemployed. Doing nothing's never had clothes. Are you out of work?"

"Yes, sir, I'm out of work."

Men have the advantage. Captain Bowditch never noticed the queer little Kaige's mouth, gave under cover of the brown moustache.

"Been a salesman, or something of that sort, I



KENYAN AND HIS BLIND DAUGHTER.—Page 59.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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A TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"NOW that there's only two of us," remarked Mrs. Coverdale, addressing her sister-in-law Agnes, "I want to break up housekeeping. It's too hard on me; I'm getting old. If Kaigh would only marry and take possession here, I'd go to boarding the very next day. It's too provoking; there's my girls, both younger, and both married, while he, at twenty five, seems to be settling down into regular old bachelorhood."

Miss Coverdale, having just called after a year's absence South, asked, was there no lady for whom her nephew manifested a preference.

"None," was the answer; "unless some slight attention paid Miss Angela Fothergill might be so construed."

The next question put the aggrieved parent was, had she broached the subject of matrimony.

"Over and over," was the reply.

"And mentioned Miss Fothergill?"

"Time and again."

Miss Coverdale thought there was the difficulty, and advised his being left alone.

Imagine her astonishment, thoroughly well-bred and lady-like in its manifestation, on being informed that she was the difficulty.

"You are by far too young, too handsome, too remarkable every way, Agnes. I often feel like quarreling with you for being so superior to our sex. Wise, prudent, entirely self-poised, you never under any circumstances lose your mental equilibrium. Kaigh's admiration for such qualities is without stint or bound. He says if Heaven has not made such a woman for him, he'll die single."

"What is Miss Fothergill like?" inquired Agnes Coverdale, quietly ignoring this tribute to her worth.

"A good girl enough, but a perfect baby. If there's anything Kaigh particularly abominates in a woman, apart from absolute carelessness, it's that. Angela's no more to be depended on than a canary bird. She screams if she sees a beetle, is dreadfully afraid on the water, and almost goes into spasms during a thunder-storm."

After discussing the subject at length, and criti-

cising Miss Fothergill's photograph, Miss Coverdale inquired after Kaigh.

According to Mrs. Coverdale, he had gone off on some "mysterious journey." "So unlike him, too," she declared; then produced a postal card containing but two lines, stating that the writer expected to be absent from four to six weeks, and she was not to worry.

"Perhaps he goes to meet his fate," remarked Aunt Agnes.

She was right; he did. We are often led, so to speak, out of the back gate, up blind alleys, and through scenes all unfamiliar, to meet our fate. Going utterly unconscious of our errand, too, sometimes rebelliously, even when the end, once arrived at, proves pleasant to both soul and sense.

"You're your father's own son, my boy!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and a hand like a sledgehammer came down on the would-be-bachelor's shoulder. "Ain't your name Coverdale?"

The dialogue immediately ensuing was "short, sharp, decisive." Yes, it was Coverdale.

"Kaigh?"

"Right, sir"

Maybe he didn't remember "Cap'n" Bostwick?

Now that the subject was mentioned, the young man did remember him with very great pleasure. How was the captain?

"Staunch, sir, staunch. Sorry I've no time for compliments. Not a minute to spare to find out whether Rick Coverdale's enterprise was a success or not. Howsomer, my lad, now I think of it, if you answer one question of mine in the affirmative, maybe we'll have opportunities a plenty to talk over matters and things. If it seems impertinent, beg pardon; but seeing you here, 'parently not knowing what to do with yourself, put it in my head. To be sure," eyeing him critically, "you've got store clothes on; but that ain't anything. Some of the best-dressed men I know are unemployed. Doing nothing's never hard clothes. Are you out of work?"

"Yes, sir, I'm out of work."

Men have the advantage. Captain Bostwick never noticed the queer twitch Kaigh's mouth gave under cover of the brown moustache.

"Been a salesman, or something of that sort, I

reckon," continued the captain, with a glance at his hands, slender yet sufficiently bronzed; it took some hard rowing to win that cup. "Maybe you'd be above going aboard a canal-boat. My mate's sick in the hospital; expected to be out again and on hand in time; but time's up, and he ain't. I don't want to offend; if you ain't above shipping, come right along; if you are, say so, and I'm off."

Having assured the staunch waterman he was not above any honest calling, Kaign Coverdale, with so much leisure and so much money he scarcely knew what to do with either, had engaged as a boat hand, and bought a suit of clothes befitting his occupation.

Preparatory tremors from the steam-tug ready to convey them down the bay, ran through the line of barges in her wake as they stepped on board the "Barkis is Willin'." A rosy-cheeked woman peeped from the captain's cabin.

"This is my wife, sir," remarked that worthy gentleman. "Not the one you remember—not Susanna. This is my third—this is Lettie. How's our patient?" he asked, with the broadest kind of a smile. Then, addressing Kaign, "We've a little girl on board, the biggest coward ever was born. Think we're sure to be shipwrecked and cast away on a desert island. It's her first voyage, and she's dreadfully afraid on the water."

And so Kaign Coverdale began earning his bread, not exactly by the sweat of his brow—there was no very hard work imposed—but by the labor of his hands. He found himself, strange to say, delighted with this novel experience. It was like tumbling from one very agreeable sort of life and landing straight upon one's feet in another, equally agreeable. The captain and his wife were diamonds, in rough to be sure, but the genuine article, and no mistake about it. It was easy to parry all questions, and make believe to be "poor but respectable."

Years before, Rick Coverdale, Kaign's father, left the little inland town where he and Sam Bostwick had grown up together and married, for the purpose of embarking in a certain enterprise which proved a dead failure. Kaign made no mention of a second venture, caught up by that tide which leads on to fortune, and meeting no disasters on the way.

Every day he inquired politely after the little girl, and every day forgot her existence as soon as his question was answered. Towards evening of the fifth day she ventured on deck. Great was her consternation on discovering a coal-barge coming from the opposite direction. Kaign heard the young voice ejaculating, remonstrating; yet, being otherwise engaged, could not turn and look. Mrs. Bostwick laughed, and endeavored to explain away her fears; but only the near approach of the "awful boat" subdued her.

Kaign Coverdale never forgot his first impression of her when he turned to look, after this silence fell. They were passing through a level, peach-growing country, with its orchards and farm-houses powdered with gold dust from the setting sun. The light shone straight upon her face and figure as she stood out

against a background of darkening sky, and Kaign saw, not a child, but a woman. A youthful creature, it is true, and small; nevertheless, she was fully matured, and not by any means the child he expected to see. I don't know how to describe her, unless I introduce a term florists use when a flower takes on tints not exactly belonging thereto—inclined to sport. Observing her watch with bated breath and dark dilated eye while they underwent the—to her—trying ordeal of a passing boat, Kaign knew her to be no stranger to those deeper experiences that never fail to leave their impress. But after she had cast a backward glance upon the object of her fears, quietly and harmlessly receding in the distance, and her bright, reassured smile fell full upon him, it was a little girl's face again, and he felt sure he knew why they called her Dimply.

"Oh, no," she replied, when he told her so after their acquaintance was twenty-four hours old. "I didn't get the name for their sakes," dimples rippling over her face as she spoke. "I stumbled on it trying to say Dora Dalrymple when I was too little. Because of them I've kept it."

Kaign soon learned the art of calling them forth; it became one of the pleasures of that new world in which he found himself. To give utterance to an odd thought, use some quaint phrase, quote some timely, pointed satire, was like dropping a pebble in a mountain brook. Rings on rings of dimples would start up, rippling across and making an all-alive face of it in an instant.

When I spoke of her features as "inclined to sport," I should have mentioned in the same connection that such was the nature of her eyes, hair, color. There never was such tricky-hued eyes, such red, brown and gold-stranded hair, such a touch-and-go of a color. Or if there was, their owner might not have been beautiful—according to regulation style—as Dimply certainly was not; yet better than beauty was hers.

Kaign Coverdale was not long learning this little woman's history. Her mother died on giving her birth, and at the age of fifteen—five years prior to these events recorded—she lost her father also. There were brothers and sisters, all married and scattered. While her father lived, Dimply enjoyed the comforts of a refined home, and was receiving the highest educational advantages. When he died, leaving nothing for his last and dearest child, she was doubly bereaved. Since then she had tried to earn a living with one and another member of her family, in one and another place, without success. They either could not or would not give her a home, but were always looking up some suitable position, thinking they had found such, and sending for her. Occasionally her expenses were defrayed; more frequently, however, the little lone one was obliged to get from place to place as best she could. Heretofore always avoiding the water. Just now there was no help for it. Being on her way to a brother's in Captain Bostwick's vicinity, and, destitute of funds, she was compelled to accept his offer of a free passage.

Having known this gentleman and his worthy wife nearly all her life, she undertook the voyage with less reluctance than she could have imagined possible. Still, from first to last, she was afraid. The most trivial occurrence out of the common way brought gloom into her eyes, and sent the color out of her cheeks. While no argument, no persuasion, could induce her to remain on deck during their passage through a lock. Judge of Kaighn's astonishment, then, when one day she asked to be allowed to stay and watch the progress of a thunder-storm.

Questioned regarding this seeming inconsistency, she replied, her eyes taking in heaven's topmost blue: "I don't know whether I can explain or not. I'll try to. If anything had happened back there in the lock, it would have been like falling into the hands of man. If anything happens now, through the wind or the lightning, it would be like falling into the hands of God. He can be trusted, always."

A moment later, when a storm-driven insect sought refuge under their umbrella, and Kaighn struck at it, she covered the little thing with her pretty hand.

"I thought it would startle you," he said, apologetically.

"Oh, no," was her answer. "I'm never afraid of such harmless things."

How unlike Miss Fothergill, reflected Kaighn Coverdale; yet how unlike Aunt Agnes, too. The one would have gone into hysterics over storm and flying creature, the other, sufficiently occupied, would have ignored both.

You're thinking you see how it ended? Yes, but I want to tell you.

Unto two hearts on board the "Barkis is Willin'," that trip was like a journey through enchanted lands. Now they glided between green pastures and nodding grain-fields; then through regions "woody, and wild, and lonesome;" here swung anear a busy little town; there crept along under rock shadows; now the landscape was all life, sunshine and flicker of wings; again, silent, darkling, with drip of hidden water in the gloom, and rush of slimy creatures through the leaves.

Meanwhile, Dimply, with her simple speech, half-childish, half-womanly, and with never a thought of marrying or giving in marriage, finding lodgment under the tri-colored hair, worked a strange but innocent spell.

Passing through some of the grandest scenery in the State, this little Miss Dalrymple, very much taken with a dot of a house under lichened rocks flecked with sheep, proceeded to make a sketch. Having finished, she laughed until the tears ran down.

"My rocks," she said, "look like mouldy boots, and my sheep like spools of cotton. Oh, dear, if ever I get myself all together and settle down, maybe I shall be something. As it is—" She ended abruptly, and with a sigh.

On another occasion, growing more confidential as their acquaintance progressed, she remarked: "I

leave so many places in haste, and forget so many things, I seem to be wandering around in pieces, part of me in one spot, part in another. If I take my best hat, I'm sure to leave my Sunday sacque; as for pairs," with that quick, bright, dimple-gemmed smile, "I'm almost certain to have nothing but odd ones."

Kaighn Coverdale's ideal woman was perfect as a statue, and—he was just beginning to suspect it—almost as calm, as cold. Miss Fothergill, and a host beside, had flattered, flirted; but here was a tiny woman neither cold nor falsely tender, neither too wise nor too foolish, taking life's sad things patiently as an angel, its sunny things gleefully as a little child. All that was best and manliest in him reached out yearningly after this wandering dove, all that was sweetest and tenderest in his nature longed to see the weary wings folded in the ark of home.

You think you see how it ended? Yes, of course. Why shouldn't it?

BISHOP HATTO'S MOUSE TOWER.

THE Rhine is one of the most beautiful and picturesque rivers in the world; and history, poetry and romance have done what they could to add to its interest. It descends from the heart of the Alps, from rocky precipices and immense glaciers, and then proceeds through a country which is truly the domain of romance. In the Upper Rhine we find the black forest, peopled, according to not very remote popular superstition, with fairies, brownies, goblins, giants and pigmies. Here are, or once were, dragons and other monsters, and robbers innumerable. It is in reality the scene of many fierce encounters between feudal lords of the Middle Ages, who were probably but little better than robbers, the ruins of whose mountain fastnesses still remain. Every foot of ground is sacred to history, legend or poetry. Every rock has its attendant good or evil spirit, every waterfall its spirit.

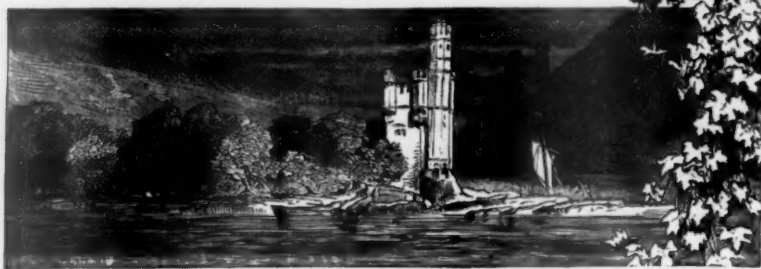
Descending the stream, we reach the lovely Valley of the Rheingau, beautiful with undulating hills, well-cultivated fields and abundantly-bearing vineyards. At the very gateway into this Valley of the Rhine, at the juncture of the Nahe with the Rhine, stands Bingen, the scene of a well-known poem by the late Hon. Mrs. Norton. Near the mouth of the same river is a small, square tower, which is the scene of Southey's poem, "Bishop Hatto." The Castle of Ehrenfels is opposite, situated on the slope of a high hill. In the engraving, the upper part of the picture represents the Castle of Ehrenfels, the lower part the Mouse Tower, while Ehrenfels is again seen on the opposite bank of the river.

The following poem, by Southey, already referred to, tells the story of the "Mouse Tower:"

"The summer and autumn hath been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

"Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store;
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

"Rejoiced at such tidings, good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, young and old.



MOUSE TOWER (OR BISHOP HATTO'S TOWER) AND EHRENFELS.

"At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

"Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"'I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire,' quoth he,
'And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn.'

"So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to his supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

"In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all o'er him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

"As he looked, there came a man from his farm;
He had a countenance white with alarm.
'My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.'

"Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be:
'Fly! my lord bishop, fly!' quoth he,
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!'

"'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he;
'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep!'

"Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors and loop-holes there.

"He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

"He listened and looked: it was only the cat,
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

"For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed up the shores so steep,
And now, by thousands, up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

"Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

"And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling, and up through the
floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below—
And all at once to the bishop they go.

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

OUR GIRLS.

UNDER this title, MARY L. GRIFFITH, in the
Christian Woman,* has the following timely
and sensible article:

"That her hand may be given with dignity, she must
be able to stand alone."

If marriage is more of an object and aim to a woman than to a man, it is because her ideas have been warped, and her life starved of the earnest aspirations and busy usefulness that should fill it up. It is because boys and girls are trained differently; boys to be strong and self-supporting, and girls weak and dependent. In certain districts, one sometimes sees fruit-trees which, in order to increase their fruitfulness, have been distorted from their natural upright and sturdy growth, and made to lean upon a wall and spread out flat branches like a weakly vine. Women have for ages been dwarfed and stunted, hampered and defrauded, kept either in the cellar or the hot-houses of social life, and "Behold," we say, "what a delicate vine. Surely it is the nature of woman to lean and cling."

Boys are expected to learn how to support themselves and a possible family, and they do it. Girls (unless they are blessed with poverty) are expected to abide at home and live on their fathers till a suitor bears them off, and they do it. The difference is not in the girls and boys, but in the training. If the son of the family were to lounge about the house, drumming the piano and reading novels, he would be set out of doors, till he made up his mind to engage in some useful occupation. In the daughter's case it is all right. Oh! the wasted wealth of life and talent, intellect and sympathy hidden in these fresh, young lives. Who shall answer for it, that they have been thus neglected and lost? Every girl should learn to do something, and do it well. Let her start out with the idea that before being a wife, or mother, or house-keeper, she is to be a woman, a well-developed, useful and self-supporting woman. First of all, every girl, rich or poor, should learn to do something which will, in time of possible need, save her from starvation, beggary and plain sewing. If the German princes deem it necessary to learn some common mechanical trade, surely it is neither unbecoming nor unnecessary for the daughters of American citizens to do the same. Let them not tread the old paths only, but force their way into new ones. Why do not girls learn horticulture, and set up green-houses? Why should men's big fingers manipulate the delicate blossoms and vines? Why do not more girls learn wood-engraving, which yields, to an expert, something like five dollars a day, instead of crowding into the ranks of under-paid and over-worked teachers and sewers.

What we want in this day, is not only honor for

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those earnest and successful women who have pushed their way into new paths of labor and usefulness, but we want more opportunities, and facilities, and encouragements for our less courageous young women—we want that it shall seem just as easy and natural for our daughters to acquire education, trades, arts or professions, as for our sons.

Both the world and its women have suffered countless loss because the higher walks of employment were closed to our sex. But the time is coming, and now is, when woman's voice can preach and plead, and teach and reason, when her clean and reverent hands are laid upon suffering bodies, her mind may fathom the wonders of science and her love of the beautiful can express itself in form and color. If, however, neither necessity nor inclination lead her into any trade, art or profession, let the girl or woman train in the school of good works. Let her begin by carrying flowers to the sick and poor, if she can do no more; let her learn to minister to the souls and bodies of humanity; let her carry the light of human sympathy and womanly purity and Divine love into asylums, and hospitals, and jails, and dreary homes, and into those places where men are turned into demons, and those other places where women are sacrificed to the Moloch of lust.

Do you think a woman will be any the less loving, and faithful, and wise, as a wife and mother, because her life was broadened, and deepened, and elevated by some worthy work? Will her voice be any less sweet in cradle-songs because it has soothed the sufferer in the hovel, or plead with the multitude by the way? Will her hands be less skillful in making home comfortable because they have learned to fashion something beautiful or useful to the world? If the ties of home-life do not come about her, she will still feel that usefulness gives her a place, and sympathy a bond in the great human family. If married, and her hands not occupied with cares of children, or if misfortune befall her husband, she can go out by his side and share in the labor of bread-winning. If widowhood overtake her, she is not dependent and helpless. When her children grow out of her care, and she is, or should be, just in her prime, she need not retire to the corner, which woman-sphere writers accord to her, and administer catnip-tea to her grandchildren, but, like Mary Somerville, resume her celestial mechanism, or whatever else her powers incline to. But the reason we chiefly urge for giving girls occupations is, not that they shall not marry, but that they shall not marry because nothing else offers to relieve their empty lives. We would teach girls to regard marriage as a blessed and solemn thing which the Father holds among the possibilities, but which is not to be idly waited for, much less plotted for. What we deprecate and abhor is the holding up of marriage, any marriage, as the chief end of girls. When a girl can catch at a worthless young man because she "might never have another chance," something is terribly wrong. Girl-nature has been distorted. The affections, the desire to please and attract, have been encouraged to giant

proportions, while the intellect, the ambitions, have been systematically dwarfed. The affections of men and women naturally flow towards each other with sufficient impetus, without the use of artificial forcing-pumps. In the woman's case, the energies, hopes and aspirations which have been shut out of their healthful and natural channels must flow too strongly in this. If we urge men and women together by any other force than that which God ordained, we shall urge them into that living horror—unworthy or uncongenial marriage. Whenever we place any premium upon marriage but that which real love puts on it, whenever we make it a matter of fashion, or convenience, or material gain, we make of it a legal prostitution.

Says the facile pen of an earnest woman: "I would have a woman marry, not because it is the only thing that offers, but because a magnificence sweeps by in whose glorious sun her pale stars faint and fade. She shall not fly to the only refuge from the vacuum and despair of her life, but her great heart and her strong hands shall be wrenched from their bent by the mysterious force of an irresistible magnetism."

MY BURNING BUSH.

BY A. J. H. OUGANNE.

AS a young child, disporting near some nook,
Where boughs umbrageous lace their lissome
leaves,

With many a coiling curl, and clinging crook—
Sweet Nature's loving ways, that men forsook,

When angled elbows bent, to bind on greaves,
Where woman's wooing hand had buskins bound—

As a young child, beholding breaks of light
Gleaming through emerald sheen of foliage wound,

Whispers, with red lips suddenly made white,
"Fire in the bush!" and runs to warn mamma—

So, as my Burning Bush, Thy Holy writ,
I gaze on, Faith shall still each doubting "ah!"

That comes from lips pursed up with worldly wit;
And, child-like, I will run, at mother's feet to sit!

Yea! at my Mother Nature's feet—to look

Up lovingly in her fair face, and hear
Her answering whisper, "Child! in every nook
Of all our garden walks, and in our brook,

Shining and flowing, there is fire, my dear!
Do you not know that 'God is everywhere'?"

And God, my child, is made of all sweet light;
'His ministers a flaming fire,' to bear

His Spirit unto all whose trustful sight
Sees God in everything, and all things God!

And so there's not a sunbeam, near or far,
Nor breath of air, nor grain of grassy sod,

Nor leaflet in the woods, nor twinkling star,
But, in them all, my son, God's flaming ministers are!"

If you want to spoil all that God gives you, if you want to be miserable yourself and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish, and it is done at once.

CHINESE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

MARRIAGE among the Chinese is attended with many ceremonies, most of them of a superstitious nature, and the balance intended to impress upon the mind the nature and solemnity of marriage.

There are no such things recognized among the Chinese, as courtship or falling in love. A young couple not infrequently never see each other until they are husband and wife. That which among us is managed by the young people themselves, and in France by their parents, is wholly, in China, the business of a person called a go-between. Even though the two contracting families are most intimate, and the young people have known each other from childhood, the services of a go-between are still considered indispensable. When a family has a son or a daughter of marriageable age, a go-between is consulted. This person may be either a man or a woman. He is furnished with a card bearing the ancestral name, and the hour, day, month and year of birth of the candidate for matrimony. These negotiations are generally commenced by the family of the young man. The card is taken to the family indicated, or to some family with a marriageable daughter, selected by the go-between, who consult a fortune-teller as to whether these dates are auspicious. If a favorable decision is made, a similar card is returned, furnishing the name and dates of the young lady. These are also subjected to a fortune-teller. If either first or second fortune-teller decide adversely, the negotiations come to an end. If the verdict is a favorable one, then an engagement or betrothal is next in order. This betrothal is concluded by the exchange of a card, or rather two cards fastened together somewhat in the manner of a book-cover, the cards presented by the young man being covered with red paper, with a representation of a dragon upon the upper card, and upon the lower one the ancestral and given name of the boy's father, his own given name and various other particulars. The card presented by the young woman to her affianced husband is also red, and contains like particulars within it, but upon the outside is a phoenix instead of a dragon. There are also two long and large threads of red silk, and four large needles to each. Two of the needles are threaded upon one of the silk threads. Presents of both food and clothing are also exchanged at this time. This betrothal is legally binding, and is rarely ever broken. The red silk indicates that the engagement for marriage is fixed and unalterable, and referring to such engagement,

it is said of the couple that "their feet have been tied together."

When the time for the marriage approaches, a fortune-teller is again consulted, who decides as to a lucky day for the event, for the cutting of the wedding garments and various other particulars. The family of the bridegroom then send to the family of the bride a quantity of wedding cakes, and the material for the bridal outfit, also a sum of money of greater or less amount, and a quantity of cloth or silk, not less than five kinds, for the use of the bride. She receives at the same time five kinds of dried fruits, several kinds of small cakes, a cock and a hen,



NEWLY-MARRIED CHINESE LADY.

and a gander and goose. The cakes are distributed among the relatives and intimate friends, the hen and goose are returned with great ceremony, and with other appropriate gifts, to the bridegroom. Sometimes the bridal presents are much more numerous, and of the costliest character, and are paraded through the streets with as much vanity and ostentation, as the same class of presents are displayed among us.

A few days before the wedding, the family of the bridegroom again make presents of food and clothing to the family of the bride. The clothing is intended for the use of the bride while riding in the sedan-chair on her way to the bridegroom. The food is for

her breakfast on the wedding morning. All the presents have some significance or some superstitious meaning attached to them.

Two or three days before the wedding, the furniture furnished as the bride's dowry is sent in great state to the house of the bridegroom. The finer the furniture, the greater the parade in sending it, and the longer and more circuitous the route taken in conveying it.

The day before the wedding, the wedding garments of the bride are shaken in a sieve, in order to sift out all evil influences. After this ceremony, contact with the clothing is carefully avoided by all female members of the family.

Various ceremonies are observed in placing the bridal bedstead in position, in which rice, flowers, fruits, candles, lamps and other articles play an important part.

The day before the wedding, the bride has her hair done up in the style of a married woman, and tries on the clothes she is to wear in the sedan. On this important and interesting occasion, a feast is furnished to the female relatives and friends of the family, and in their presence she proceeds to do honor to her parents and grandparents by kneeling before them and worshipping them.

On the morning of the wedding-day, the bride makes a very frugal breakfast on the food furnished by the family of her affianced husband. She is expected to maintain almost an unbroken fast during the entire wedding-day, in accordance with certain superstitious ideas of the Chinese. After breakfast she takes her seat in the sedan-chair, which has been sent for her, and which is always of red, and generally covered with some expensive material. On her way to her future home, she is accompanied by a procession of musicians, torch-bearers, lamp-holders and friends and relatives of her family.

About midway between the houses of the bride and groom, the procession is met by the friends of the groom. The procession stops, and the important ceremony of receiving the bride is gone through with. Cards bearing the names of the respective parties to the marriage are exchanged between the friends of the bride and those of the bridegroom. The men bearing lanterns observe certain evolutions, and then the friends of the bride turn homeward. At this important moment the name of the bride is changed, her friends being supposed to take her old name back with them, while she goes on with her new one.

When the bride arrives at the door of her husband's home, a woman who has borne male and female children, or at least male children, meets her, and utters an appropriate form of welcome. A boy holds a brass mirror towards the sedan-chair, to ward off evil influences; and the bride, closely veiled, is assisted into the house, and to the bridal chamber. Here the bridegroom awaits her, with his face turned towards the bed. As she reaches his side, he turns around, and they take their seats side by side upon the bed. If the groom can manage to have a portion

of her dress come under him as he sits down, so that he shall sit upon it, he is a happy man, for that will be an omen that his wife will be submissive to him. But if, on the other hand, by a dextrous movement on the part of the bride, she manages to sit upon a portion of his clothing instead, she has the assurance that she will be able to bring him under subjection to her.

During all these ceremonies the bride is closely veiled, and her husband has had no opportunity to look upon her face. They sit in silence for a few moments, when the groom goes out, and awaits his bride in the reception-room. Here, when she appears, still veiled, they go through a series of religious ceremonies, worshipping heaven and earth, and the ancestral tablets of the family of the groom. Afterwards, the bride still being veiled, they are made to drink from the same goblet, or from two goblets tied together by a red cord, and to eat of the same kind of fruit and confectionery.

The bride then retires to dress for dinner, when she appears for the first time unveiled. Frequently the husband now for the first time sees the face of his wife. The bridegroom is allowed to make a hearty dinner, but the bride must touch nothing. During the afternoon she must be present at a sort of reception, where guests, both invited and uninvited, may come and stare at her, and make any kind of critical or rude remark about her that they please. She must bear all this with perfect composure, and remain deaf to insults and indecency.

Two large candles are left burning in the bridal chamber during the night, one of them bearing the device of a dragon, and the other of a phoenix. If either of these goes out by accident, or does not burn as long as the other, it is considered as a bad omen, signifying that the one represented by the candle will die before the other.

The wedding festivities generally last several days. On the second day the ancestral tablets, the grandparents and parents of the groom, are worshiped. On the third day the parents of the bride are visited, and they, with their ancestral tablets, are worshiped.

The bride and groom may not go together to the home of the bride's parents; nor, in fact, is it proper that they should at any time be seen upon the street together. The visits of ceremony, and the interchange of presents at certain intervals, continue for some time, and fresh incense sticks and candles are frequently lighted before the ancestral tablets.

Polygamy is permitted in China; but the second wife cannot hope for any elaborate ceremonies on the occasion of her nuptials. She is, in fact, no more than a slave in the domestic establishment. She may not eat with the first wife, and must pay her great deference and strict obedience.

The marriage of widows is discountenanced, but not strictly forbidden. It is considered a meretricious act for a widow to commit suicide. She is expected to remain in the family of her husband, and devote herself entirely to the comfort of his parents.

If she do this to their satisfaction, and remain unmarried to the end of her days, she receives great honor, and is entitled, by imperial decree, to a monument.

citals into his eager ears. She had told him of King Arthur and his wondrous sword Excalibur, of his noble band, "the goodliest band of famous knights whereof this world holds record." She had told him



THE SYMBOLISM OF THE SWORD.

BY MRS. MARY W. EARLEY.

"YOU look quite like a little knight," said a young girl to her little brother, who came running in, all flushed with joy and pride, to show her a sword that had just been given him.

"I wish I was one!" he exclaimed, for he delighted in talk of knightly deeds, and every fable, tradition or historical incident that told of heroic courage and prowess, fired the manly little soul with enthusiasm.

Many a twilight had his sister sat pouring such re-

of the brave Frithios with his magic sword, Angurvadel, brother of the lightning, on the hilt of which were engraved wondrous ruins, known only at the gates of the sun. She had told him of numberless heroes and warriors, both real and fictitious, and he, boy-like, never wearied of the theme.

"I wish I was a knight," he repeated. "I am sorry I did not live in the times of knights and heroes."

"In all essentials," said his sister, "you may be as true a knight as any of Arthur's band, for battles and tournaments are not the only occasions (nor the chief

ones) that call for courage and firmness. You may do all that was most truly noble and heroic in Arthur's knights. You may follow their example in swearing to reverence

"Their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander—no, nor listen to it—
To lead sweet lives in purest charity."

"But I would like to have adventures, too, like they had," rejoined her brother. "If I had lived in their times, I would have had some use for my sword; but now people have scarcely any use for swords."

"Not much use for the weapon itself, but a great deal for what it typifies," said his sister.

"And what is that?" asked the boy.

"The truth, striving to overcome the evil and the false," replied she; "and in waging this warfare, you may show a courage and heroism a thousand times higher and truer than was ever displayed in any tournament or battle."

"You are right," said her father, who entered at this moment; "and I should be rejoiced to think that my little son, as he stands there, sword in hand, affords us a prophetic vision of his after-career, of the true and noble manhood into which I trust his boyhood will expand—a manhood loyal to the truth, and with this weapon striving against the evil and the false that beset humanity. I trust that, with manly firmness and true heroic courage, he will wield the sword of truth, first against the evil and the false within himself, and then against the evil and the false around him. And may he be able, like Sir Galahad, to say:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

"It seems to me," said the young girl, "that at this age of the world, truth is the only really effective weapon, for the world has now too much freedom and too much light to be subdued either by outward force or by personal influence or authority."

"Yes," said her father, "the truth is the only weapon that will effect deliverance from the dark influences of ignorance, sin and misery, and I hope my boy will wield this weapon nobly and manfully in days to come. With this sword in his hand, and his earnest face, he looks as if he might be preparing for such a future destiny."

"It is curious to see how quickly a boy shows his distinctive characteristics," said the young girl. "How early and how decided a line of demarcation there is between a boy and a girl. Their tastes and pursuits are entirely different. The little girl loves her doll, and is fond of all pretty and harmless plays and toys; but the boy, scarcely escaped from infancy, shows a yearning after weapons, a fondness for roving, adventure and wrestling."

"The philosophy of this," said her father, "lies in the fact that the feminine nature represents love, and love uses no weapons, but subdues by a subtle, soft, tender influence. On the other hand, the masculine

nature, in which reason is the guiding or predominant principle, represents the rational faculty or the intellect, and it is the nature of the intellect to strive with opposing forces, to explore and to investigate; hence, the boy's love of roving, of wrestling and of using weapons, is typical of mental processes. Arguments and debates are nothing but mental wrestlings, and reasonings grounded in truth are mental weapons. Nothing is accidental, nothing is without a cause. A boy's tastes and pursuits have their origin deep in his mental structure. A boy instinctively grasps the sword, and this action is representative of the proper attitude of manhood to grasp and wield the sword of truth, to be loyal to it, to bear witness to it, to strive to overcome the evil and the false with it."

"I think," said the young girl, that the representative character of the sword may be inferred from the passages where it is mentioned in the Bible."

"Yes," said her father, "and its high symbolism may be deduced from these passages. Where the Lord is spoken of in relation to His Divine Truth, He is said to bear a sword, or to send a sword, as where the Psalmist says: 'Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Most Mighty, with Thy glory and Thy majesty, and in Thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness.' Psalms xlv., 3, 4. And again, St. John says: 'Out of his mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword.' Rev. i., 16. 'Out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations.' Rev. xix., 15. The Lord Himself tells us that He came not to send peace but a sword on earth; that is, He came to break up false peace and security by the revealing and reproofing light of truth. Truth assumes the aspect of a drawn sword when it comes in contact with the evil and the false, because these are opposed to its dictates and laws, and stand rebuked and condemned in its awful, penetrating light. As it behooves us to work out in our finite degree what our Saviour accomplished in an infinite and perfect degree, let us strive to overcome the evil and the false within us and around us by the sword of truth."

"Our conversation," says the young girl, "reminds me of those beautiful lines in Tennyson's 'Two Voices,' in which he speaks of days

"When wide in soul and bold of tongue,
Among the tents I paused and sung,
The distant battle flashed and rung.

"I sung the joyful Paean clear,
And, sitting, burnished without fear
The brand, the buckler and the spear,

"Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life."

"Let every man," says Sydney Smith, "be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best." If the highest employment is not to be found in our avocations, let us seek it in our leisure.

WHAT SHALL I DO

TO BE SAVED FROM THE CURSE OF DRINK?*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIX.

STRIKING cases of reformation, like the one related, yet varying as to the incidents, were of daily occurrence. Men who had been for years regarded as hopeless drunkards, made a new effort to struggle out of the swift waters that were bearing them to ruin, and caught eagerly at the new means of rescue that were offered. Families long separated were united again; and men who had been dead weights and burdens upon society, became once more good and useful citizens.

"A glorious work!" was heard on all sides. But the men who were in the midst of it—who came into direct contact with the scores and hundreds of wretched creatures who had sounded the lowest depths of misery and degradation, who were homeless, friendless, penniless, and mentally, morally and physically so enervated as to be scarcely capable of an effort in the direction of self-recovery, found themselves confronted with a task of almost appalling magnitude. What was to be done with and for these men, whose idle hands were held out in piteous appeal for work, and whose hungry faces and dirty and tattered garments pleaded mutely for relief? Nightly the great meeting hall was crowded to overflowing, and nightly the increase went on.

"It is one thing," I said to Mr. Granger, as I walked home with him from one of these meetings, "to reap this great harvest, but quite another thing to garner and preserve the grain. I sadly fear that much of it will never be gathered out of the field. The work is too much *en masse*, and too little in detail. The numbers who sign the pledge every night cannot be regarded as a measure of the good that is being done."

"You must bear in mind," he replied, "that all who sign at these meetings are not the utterly destitute and homeless; nor of those who have lost the power to control their appetites. The larger proportion are men engaged in work or business, to whom so strong a conviction of danger has come that they take the pledge for protection and safety. Most of these will find elements of strength and encouragement in their homes and among friends."

"True; but if it be as was said to-night, that there are from four to five hundred of the destitute and friendless class who have signed the pledge, and who must have something more to rest upon than the singing, and talking, and exhortations to stand fast, which they get at these nightly meetings, is it not plain that the loss between the reaping and the garnering is going to be very great?"

"You cannot feel the burden of that thought more heavily than we who are in the heart of this work.

But its growth has been more rapid than we had anticipated, and its proportions have already assumed a magnitude for which we were not prepared. The people are looking on and wondering. Crowds flock nightly to witness the progress of the movement; but how few come up to our help. What would it be for a score of our rich citizens to establish for our use a depot of clothing from which we might draw at will, and so be able to take off the rags of such men as we found to be in earnest about reform, and send them forth in sightly garments, that they might be in a condition to apply for and get employment? Or what for the churches in our city—over four hundred in number—to do the same thing?"

"Is nothing really being done to help and save these poor creatures? When the last hymn is sung, and the benediction said, and the lights put out, does all care for them cease? Is there nothing more until to-morrow night—and then only this general work, which merely brings the individual to the front for a little season, and then lets him drift out of sight, his special needs unrecognized and unprovided for?"

"If you will come to my office at three o'clock to-morrow, I will try to give an answer to your question," Granger replied. "I must now take the next car that passes and get home as quickly as I can, as it is growing late."

I called at his office at the hour mentioned.

"There is other Christian temperance work going on in our city besides that remarkable exhibition of it which is known as the Murphy movement," he said. "Work about which the public knows little, but which, in its influence on that particular class about which we were speaking yesterday, is accomplishing a vast amount of good. I am going to answer your question of last evening by showing you a phase of this work—unobtrusive, yet very effective—and when you see it, you will know that while the hands of the reapers are strong and the harvest great, they who gather and garner are not idle."

I walked with Granger for a number of blocks, talking by the way. As we left his office he remarked: "You might have known that in a work like this the hands of the women would not be idle; nor the spirit that moved the late 'Crusaders' dead. There has only been a change of front, with a more guarded movement upon the enemy, and less expenditure of war material. You do not find them so much in the noisy front of battle, as where the wounded are left on the field or gathered in tent and hospital."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that there is another movement, parallel to this one which is attracting so much attention, now going on in our city?"

"Yes; wholly independent, yet in complete harmony therewith. Two sets of reapers are in the same field; but with one there are better facilities for gleanings and garnering than with the other. Women draw more closely to the individual than men; have more pity, and sympathy, and faith in humanity; more practical trust in God, and a more absolute belief in the power and efficacy of prayer. There is

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

a marked contrast between their meetings and the vast assemblages you have attended. The sphere is quieter, and the services held closer to the order of religious worship. There are fewer spectators, and, I think, a more complete singleness of purpose with those who are giving themselves to the work. What we, as men, are doing, is extra to our common life-work. The largest part of our time and thought is devoted to business or professional duties; and we can give only our odds and ends of leisure to extra public service and the duties of charity. It is different with many of the women who are taking the lead in this Gospel temperance work. Heart and mind are absorbed in it. It is almost as much their daily thought and care as business is to the merchant, or the interests of his clients to the lawyer. We can, by single strong efforts, move the masses in this or that direction; can influence and direct public sentiment, and even set great tidal waves of reform in motion; but for the gathering of results we have little time, and, it may be, little inclination; and results are too often left to take care of themselves."

We talked until we came in front of a small church in a thickly populated part of the town, when Granger paused, with the words, "In here," and we passed through a small vestibule to a room capable of holding from two to three hundred persons. Nearly every seat was occupied. We were conducted to chairs set in the space fronting the reading-desk, and on being seated I had an opportunity to look at the audience, which was composed of men and women; the men largely outnumbering the women. It took but a glance to tell who and from whence most of these men were. Lives of sin and suffering; of degradation and crime; of abused and wasted manhood had left their disfiguring tokens on nearly every countenance before me. Half a dozen women occupied the small platform on which the reading desk stood. They were singing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,"

as we entered, most of the congregation taking part. My eyes ran over the strange assembly, looking from face to face, and trying to read each varied expression. With scarcely an exception, you saw a deep, and in some cases, a most pathetic earnestness. At the close of the hymn, one of the women arose, and said, in an easy, familiar way, but with a tender, penetrating solemnity in her voice: "And with such a refuge, how safe! Jesus, lover of my soul. The love of Jesus! Of the all-compassionate and the all-powerful. Think of it! Come to this Saviour, His arms are open to receive you. Comfort, support, defence; all these shall be yours. Under the shadow of His wing you shall dwell in safety."

There was a deep hush in the assembly; a bending forward to hearken, and a profound solemnity on most of the faces. You saw eyes grow wet, and lips move in silent prayer.

"And now," said the gentle speaker, after a pause, "we want to hear from as many of you as can bear testimony to the saving power of Him who has taken

your feet out of the miry clay and set them upon a rock. Speak with brevity that we may have a multitude of witnesses."

She sat down and a man, whose face had been holding my eyes for some moments, arose from his seat. What could one with such a countenance have to say about the saving power of Christ, I thought. His voice trembled a little as he began:

"He has taken my feet out of the pit and set them on solid ground; blessed be His name! I've been a dreadful hard drinker. Until six weeks ago, I don't think I had drawn a sober breath for ten years. My wife left me in despair more than three years ago; and then I didn't care for anything. When I heard about the Murphy meetings and what wonderful things were being done, I thought I'd go and see what it meant. Somehow, with the singing, and the way Mr. Murphy talked, I got all broken up, and when he told us that if we'd take the pledge and trust in God to help us keep it, we could stand just as well as he had stood, I said, I'll try. And I did try, and, blessed be God! I've been able to keep my pledge. I don't know how it might have been if I hadn't come to these meetings. I've found work, and I'm trying to make another home. It isn't much of a home as yet—only a single room—but my wife is so happy! And we've got something in that home we never had before. Shall I tell you what it is?"

He paused for a moment, then in a lower voice said: "Our Saviour."

As he sat down, the leader of the music touched the organ keys, and a single verse from a well-known hymn was sung:

"Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are."

As the singing ceased, I heard the voice of a woman in the audience, and turned in the direction from which it came. I saw a worn and sallow face, and a slender form, plainly but cleanly attired.

"I want to tell you," said the speaker, "that I've got my husband again, after having lost him because of drink for years and years. And this time I'm going to keep him, for God has converted his soul. Oh, bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!" her voice rising into almost a passionate outburst.

"Yes, bless the Lord, my sister!" responded the lady who had direction of the meeting. "For when He finds the lost ones, He can keep their feet from wandering any more."

Another hymn, and then another short speech. And so for an hour the speaking and the singing went on, the interest not flagging for a moment. Men told of the awful slavery from which they had escaped through the power of God, and of the new strength which had come to them in answer to prayer, with a positiveness that had in it an element of conviction for the intently listening hearers. Some had been standing safe in the midst of temptation for only a

few days, some for weeks, and some for months. Many had already united themselves with one or another religious society, and were receiving that protection and strength which comes from Christian fellowship.

"A good Christian brother has been holding on to me ever since I took the pledge," said one. "May God reward him! If he hadn't held so tightly, I don't know what might have happened; I was so miserable and helpless. But I'm getting stronger and stronger, and now I'm trying to help the weak ones."

Said another: "Thank God for these good Christian women. One of them found me not long ago in the hands of a policeman. I'd been drinking in a saloon, and got into a quarrel with the bar-keeper, who called an officer. Just as I was dragged out upon the pavement, a woman came by, and she stopped and said to the policeman: 'What's the matter? What's this man been doing?' She spoke so gently, and yet with something so like authority in her voice, that he let go of my collar. 'Drunk and quarrelsome,' he answered, gruffly. 'Oh, I see,' she returned. 'They've made him crazy with drink, and then turned him over to you.' 'Something of that sort,' said the policeman, speaking more respectfully. Then she said, 'Suppose you let me have this case. I shouldn't wonder if I could do a great deal better with it than you can.' The officer stood for a little while looking puzzled; and I was puzzled, too, for the liquor was beginning to go out of my head. 'What will you do with him?' he asked. 'Try to make a sober man out of him.' At this he laughed, and said, 'If you can make a sober man out of Jack Brady, all right. Go ahead and try. It'll be the hardest job you ever took.' But she didn't find it so. I don't know how it was, but the very minute I heard her say that, I made up my mind to stop drinking. The policeman went on, and she stood and talked to me for a good while, and told me about these meetings, and how easy it would be to lead a better life if I would come and try to get help from above. I'd never been talked to like that before. It seemed so strange to have anybody care for me, and to seem so anxious about me. 'Please God, I'll come,' said I. And I did come. It seemed as if I couldn't wait for the hour next day. And when I entered that door, there stood the lady, just where she's standing now, by the reading-desk. She was speaking, and as her voice fell on my ears like the voice of an old friend, my heart began to beat heavy, and I got all into a tremble. Would she know me? I saw her eyes go searching about the room as she talked, but if she was looking for me she didn't make me out. I went up as close to the desk as I could get, and sat there while the singing and talking and praying went on. Not for a minute did I take my eyes away from her. All at once as she looked at me hard I saw her face brighten up, and I knew that she had seen me. In a little while she came and sat down by my side and took my hand, and said, just for my ear alone, 'I'm so glad to see you here, Mr. Brady.' You see she hadn't

forgotten my name. 'I've been looking for you ever since the meeting opened. You're going to sign the pledge, of course; and, better still, give your heart to Jesus. And then what a happy man you will be.' And I did sign the pledge, and I did give my heart to Jesus. And I'm one of the happiest men in this room to-day."

As the meeting drew to a close, requests for prayer were sent up in writing, or asked for verbally. A mother asked prayers for an intemperate son; a wife for an intemperate husband; a sister for two brothers who were in great danger of becoming drunkards; a reformed man that he might find his wife and children, from whom he had not heard for two years; the wife of a tavern-keeper, that her husband might be convicted of sin, and led to abandon his dreadful business; for a sick wife with a drunken husband; for a daughter whose father was intemperate.

While these requests were being made, a young woman—she did not look over twenty-six or seven years of age—arose and said: "My heart is so full, Christian friends, that I can't keep silent. I want to tell you what great things prayer can do. I've got a husband and two little children. My husband took to drinking, and it 'most killed me. He was so good and kind before; but now he got cross and ugly, and wouldn't bear a word from me. It was getting worse and worse. He'd stay out late at night and come home so much in liquor that he didn't know anything. One day I said to his mother, 'If Tom keeps on in this way, I shall have to leave him and go home to father.' And then she cried, and said, 'Don't do that, Mary. He'll go all to ruin if you do.' And we both sat and cried for ever so long. While we were crying a neighbor came in; and she said, 'Why don't you go round to the women's temperance meeting and ask them to pray for him?' I didn't see what good that was going to do; but she talked so much about it that I said to myself, 'It can't do any harm, that's sure.' So I put on my things and came round here, and Tom's mother came with me. I wrote on a piece of paper, 'Prayers wanted for a young husband and father who is being ruined by drink,' and sent it up. And when, singling this out from all the rest, Mrs. W—— said, in her prayer, 'This young husband and father, Lord, who is being ruined by drink, oh, hear the pitiful cry of his wife, and the cry that we are all sending up to Thee now. Let Thy Spirit prevail with him. Quicken in him the desire for a better life; turn him from the evil of his ways,'—it seemed as if the Lord had come down into this room, and as if I had got right hold of Him. After the meeting was over we went home, and my husband's mother waited until he came in to supper. He didn't have much to say; looked kind of troubled about something, I thought. He usually went out directly after supper; but this time he sat for, maybe, half an hour, reading a newspaper. Then he took up his hat and went away. 'Don't stay out late, Tom, please,' said I, as pleasantly as I could speak. But he didn't answer me a word. His mother had gone home by this time, and I was alone with my two

little children, and they were both asleep. I had a strange feeling, as if something was going to happen. It might be bad or it might be good—I couldn't tell. My heart was trembling and starting. I couldn't sew; I couldn't do anything; but kept going about, up and down-stairs, so restless and troubled that I didn't know what to do with myself. At last I got down on my knees and began to pray for my husband. And then it seemed as if the blessed Lord and Saviour had come into my little room; and I talked to Him as a friend, and pleaded for my husband, and begged Him to save him from the dreadful appetite that was ruining his soul and body. I felt better after that. But I couldn't settle down to doing anything. Then I got the Bible and read two or three chapters. Tired at last, I laid my face down upon the open book and fell asleep. I had a sweet dream, but a sweeter waking up, for my husband's arms were around me, and I heard his voice saying, 'Mary, dear!' in the old, loving way. 'Oh, what is it, Tom?' I cried out, as I started up. And then he kissed me, and said, 'It's going to be all right again, Mary. I've been down to the Murphy meeting, and signed the pledge, and God helping me, I'm going to keep it.' And he has kept it so far; and what's better, he's given his heart to Christ, and we've both joined the church. Oh, I'm so happy!"

My eyes were full of tears when this happy young wife sat down.

Then the lady to whom she had referred, made a few impressive comments on the incident just related, adding two or three others as strikingly illustrative of the value of prayer. One of these was quite remarkable, and I was not able to trace, except remotely, the relation between cause and effect. She said: "At one of the Central Coffee-Room Thursday evening meetings at which I was present, a gentleman arose and said, 'I want to ask your prayers for the drunken son of a poor old mother. I don't know who he is; not even his name, nor where he lives. To-night, as I was coming here, I saw an old woman standing on a corner, and she seemed to be in trouble. I stopped and asked what was the matter, and she said, "Oh, dear sir, I'm in great distress. I'm old and poor, and have nothing to depend on but one son, and he's taken to bad habits, and spends nearly everything he earns in drink; and if I say a word to him, he goes on dreadfully. He hasn't been home all day; and there's nothing in the house to eat, and I've been going all about trying to find him." And the poor old mother wrung her hands and moaned so piteously that it made my heart ache. I could do nothing for her but give her a little money and tell her to go home and pray for her son. And now I ask the prayers of all here to-night for the son of this aged mother.' The case was very blind. We did not know even the man's name, nor the name of his mother; how then were we to present him to God? But it was not for us to put limits to the Divine power of saving. So we laid this unknown mother's sorrow, and this unknown man's sin and desolation before the Lord and left the case with Him. Well,

on the next Thursday evening the gentleman arose again, and said, 'I have good news from the man whom I asked you to pray for at our last meeting. He has been saved.' What a thrill of joy went through me! 'On the very evening afterwards I met his old mother again. It seemed almost as if she had dropped down in the street before me; and she told me this glad story: "After I saw you," she said, "I went home and waited for my son, crying and praying, and in great distress of mind. It was about half-past ten o'clock when I heard him come in—he never got home much before twelve—and it gave me a start. Up-stairs he came; not stumbling nor unsteady, but every step distinct and firm. When he opened the door, I saw something strange in his face. I didn't know what it meant. Such a light in his eyes, and such a soft, gentle look about his mouth. O John!" I cried out, almost catching my breath. Then he said, "Mother, I've been to one of them great meetings, and I've signed the pledge, and if God will only give me the strength to keep it, I'll live and die a sober man." Oh, dear! how my poor old heart did leap for joy! Then I got him round the neck, and I said, "Let us kneel right down here, John, and pray that God will give you all the strength you want." And down we knelt; and such a prayer-meeting as we had together; it lasted till almost morning."

"With such instances of the power of prayer for our encouragement," continued the speaker, "and I could give many more that have come under my own observation quite as remarkable, let us not hesitate in our petitions, but come confidently to God. Among the written requests for prayer which I now hold in my hand, is one that has moved me deeply. Three young wives ask your prayers for their intemperate husbands. Three young wives!" Her voice falling on the words in low, pitying cadences. "Think of it! Three young wives; happy brides a little while ago, and with the sweet grace and charm of girlhood still about them! What an outlook upon life for these dear young souls. They have met together, and each has told to the others her sorrow and her fear. They have seen their young husbands drifting, and drifting, and drifting away, every effort to hold them back in vain. They will be lost if some influence, greater than it is their power to exercise, is not brought to bear upon them. And now they ask our prayers. Let us offer them in loving faith; and not for these only, but for all the special cases which have been brought to us this day."

I had heard at one of the revival meetings, a year or two before, a long list of requests for prayer read off very much in the routine way of an entry clerk reading off the items of an invoice; and then the prayers were offered up in a kind of wholesale fashion that struck me as almost irreverent and quite useless.

But the prayer that I now heard affected me very differently. There was in it nothing of routine or dead formality. Mrs. W——, to whom the duty of

offering these requests to God had been assigned, felt, it was plain, the troubled heart-beat of those whom she represented in her petitions. Not a single request, written or verbal, was forgotten. Each, in turn, was offered before the Lord, and with such feeling and earnestness and individuality of need and condition, that I was not only surprised at the singular clearness with which she had apprehended each case, but deeply moved by the sphere of her trusting and reverent piety.

At the close of this prayer and the singing that followed, the pledge was offered to those who had not signed, and all who felt the need of spiritual counsel and comfort were invited to go into the inquiry-room.

CHAPTER XX.

"HOW long has this been going on?" I asked of Mr. Granger as we walked away.

"For months," he replied.

"Are the meetings held daily?"

"Yes."

"And always crowded like this?"

"Always."

"And as full of interest?"

"The interest never flags. You see how entirely in earnest these women are, and how completely they have thrown themselves into this work, which has still another side."

"Another side?"

"Yes. Their faith in prayer is unbounded. Some of them take the Bible promises so literally that they verily believe a mountain could be removed and cast into the sea if prayer and faith were strong enough. 'Spiritual forces are higher and more subtle than natural forces, and spiritual laws above and superior to natural laws.' I once heard one of them say, while speaking of the power of prayer, 'and can suspend or set them aside altogether, as in miracles; and it is because our faith is so weak, and we ask so often amiss, asking selfishly, that marvels are not wrought by prayer which would astonish the world.' She held that if the Christian people of this city would unite in one strong and persistent prayer to God, He would set agencies in motion that would close every liquor-saloon in our midst and cause wickedness to cease. But there are those among them who keep nearer to the earth, and who have faith in other saving means beside that of prayer. Who believe in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and building up and sustaining the natural degree of life, so that the spiritual degree which has just been vivified with grace from above may have an orderly foundation upon which to rest. The other side of this work to which I have referred, has relation to the lower degree of life which rests on the earth, and which must be in some degree of health and order before it is possible for spiritual life to have sustenance and growth."

"Women have a very practical side, and are quick in their perception of wants and means," I remarked.

"Yes; and what is more, are quick to act. When they see that a thing ought to be done, they go about doing it; and often while we are thinking and debating, their will has found the way. You remember how it was at the beginning of the war. Soldiers from the North who were landed from the ferry-boats at the foot of Washington Avenue to await farther transportation, were found hungry and exhausted, sitting on curb-stones and door-steps, or lying asleep on the pavement, no provision having been made for feeding them on the way. What happened? While the men stood looking on and blaming the Government for neglect of provision at this point, the women had their coffee-pots on the fire, and out from the houses all along the line of the street came quickly smoking cups and pitchers, and plates of bread and meat, and baskets of refreshing fruit. You remember how this thing stirred your heart at the time, and the hearts of all to whom it was told the land over; and how from this good beginning the refreshment-saloons were started, giving such abundance of good cheer to the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who afterwards went through our city—the new recruits pressing forward to the battle-fields, and the sick, and war-wasted, and wounded returning home to recover their strength or die."

"Yes, yes. I remember well. And the thought of it after so many years gives my heart a quicker motion."

"Now, as then, the action of the women is direct and practical. They do not stand looking on sorrowfully, and with folded hands, waiting for organized agencies. There are no strong appeals to the public for help, and pauses for response. But instead, an immediate taking hold of and use of whatever means lie close at hand. Food and clothing are gathered and distributed, and cases of destitution and homelessness met and ministered to. If not to the full extent of the need, yet always to the extent of ability."

"That is well," said I. "Prayers are good, but they never take the place of potatoes. A hungry man is a poor subject for religion; and a dirty and ragged one scarcely any better."

"Yes, we all understand this. And it is just here that the great work of reform now going on in our city finds one of its chief impediments," Mr. Granger answered. "What these devoted Christian women are doing is as the first spontaneous efforts which were made by loyal women to feed the hungry soldiers who were passing through our city. There was a great blessing in it, but the blessing was limited for lack of the larger supplies and more perfect organization which came afterwards. So now, much is being done with imperfect means; but, as the work goes on, and its results become more widely known, as interest deepens and sympathy grows broader, I look for that liberal and substantial co-operation which is so essential to its success."

"The ardor that now attends this work," said I, "will it not die out? There is a waste of energy in enthusiasm. Of all excitements, none spend them-

selves more quickly than religious excitements, because they are so intense. The more permanent forces are quiet and almost unobtrusive. In a few weeks the heat of summer will be upon us, and Mr. Murphy will go away. There will be no more crowded halls, no more Sunday-morning breakfasts, nor stirring appeals and moving invitations. What, then, is to become of these weak, and tempted, and almost friendless ones who have just been lifted from the slough? It troubles me to think of it. Is the entire cessation of these religious temperance meetings for two or three months a well-considered thing? To retire from the field and leave the enemy in full possession after such a series of victories as you have had, can hardly be considered good generalship."

"There is going to be no abandonment of the field," Granger replied.

"I understood differently."

"Do you suppose, for a single moment, that the women who are in this battle are going to ground their arms, or leave the field for any cause? 'How often will you hold your meetings?' I asked of Mrs. W——; and she answered quietly, 'Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.' 'No intermission this summer?' 'None,' she replied. 'How could we leave these hundreds of precious souls, just rescued from the slavery of drunkenness, some of them without homes, or friends, or work, in the very midst of temptation? If any were lost through our neglect, or ease-seeking, would not the stain of their blood be upon our garments? Verily do we believe that God has called us to this work of saving men who, because of their utter degradation through intemperance have been rejected by society and abandoned by the churches. Helpless, hopeless, lost but for the agencies now raised up in the Divine Providence for their rescue, shall we, to whom has been committed the great responsibility of using and directing these agencies, fold our hands and seek for rest and recreation, while so many feet are only on the unsteady margin of the pit out of which they have been dragged, and so many hands clinging to our garments, lest, if their hold be loosed, they fall again? No, no. There is too much at stake.'"

"Brave, true women!" I responded, with ardor. "In all works of Christian charity they are ever in the advance. But will nothing be done by the men whose efforts have been crowned by such wonderful results as we have seen? Will they wholly abandon the work until their summer vacation is over? The enemy will surely be diligent in his work of sowing tares in their field while they rest."

"Only this great public demonstration will cease," Mr. Granger replied. "But you may be sure of one thing, the enemy is not going to have it all his own way. Faithful guards, and sentinels, and reserve forces will be left, and he will be held to the lines back upon which he has been driven. When the fall campaign opens, we shall have a more thorough organization, and larger means. So far, it has only been as a skirmish along the lines compared to the

battles that must be fought. We do not make light of our enemy. He is not to be vanquished by a single fierce onslaught, nor by a single desperate battle. All hell is on his side; and among men he draws his myriads of recruits from the young and the old who have inordinate desires and evil passions, and selfish ends to serve and gratify. Prejudice, and interest, and sensual desire are on his side. He is entrenched behind law, usage, fallacy and appetite. His friends and emissaries are to be found everywhere. In the halls of legislation, in courts of justice, in executive and municipal offices, and, sad to say, often even in the pulpit; though, thanks to the growth of a higher Christianity, his representatives are fast disappearing from the sacred desk."

"No mean enemy with which to engage in battle," said I. "As to the ultimate victory, that is very far off. It will hardly be seen in your day or mine. The battle with hell has been raging for thousands of years, and, for all we can see, will continue for thousands of years longer; and if all hell is on the side of the liquor traffic and intemperance, all hell must be conquered before they will cease. From this survey of the field the outlook is not, I confess, a very hopeful one."

"It is as full of hope as Christianity," returned Mr. Granger. "As that gains in strength and vital power, temperance will have an equal gain, for the very life of Christianity is to reject evil as sin against God. An intemperate man cannot be a Christian man in any true sense, because he is selfishly indulging a depraved appetite which not only hurts his body, but weakens and degrades his mind, and so unfits him for that service of God and his neighbor which constitutes religion."

"Taking this view, intemperance becomes a sin."

"Is it the service of God or the service of self?"

Granger asked. "The holding of appetite subject to reason and the laws of health, or the giving of lower and destructive things power over the higher and conservative? Is intemperance a good or an evil? If evil, then it is sin."

"What of moderate drinking—the temperate use, as it is called, of wine and other stimulants? Is there sin in this?"

"Sin is the voluntary doing of anything that we know to be hurtful to the neighbor, or contrary to the law of God," Granger replied.

"Then I may drink wine or beer moderately, and be innocent. There is no law of God which says, 'Thou shalt not drink wine or beer.' And it cannot hurt my neighbor. If any one is hurt, it is myself alone."

"Can you hurt yourself without hurting your neighbor?"

"Not if my neighbor have any claim which this hurting of myself prevents me from meeting."

"Has the body no claim on the hand or foot? Can either of them say, I may hurt myself if I choose—that is my own affair? Depend upon it, Mr. Lyon, there is no man in human society, no matter how weak, or obscure, or lowly he may be, who has not a

service to perform, in default of which some other human being—it may be many human beings—must suffer. Society is an organic form, in which we all have our places and functions; and society is sick, and lame, and covered with cancerous sores only because it has so many idle, useless, self-hurting and vicious members and organs in its great social body. Under this view, no one who selfishly indulges in any practice that diminishes his power to serve those who have claims upon him, can be free from sin."

"I see your broader view and your broader confidence," I returned. "Whatever is gained for Christianity is gained for temperance."

"Any true gain to Christianity is a gain to temperance; for to be a Christian man means to be a temperate man," he said. "There is no such a thing as a tipsy Christian, though there may be a tipsy professor; for in so far as a man tipses, moderately or immoderately, he is not a Christian—not a free spiritual man, but in bondage to the flesh."

"There are many who would consider such a declaration as uncharitable and unwarranted," I remarked.

"Do you?" he asked.

"My ideal of a Christian man is very high," I returned.

"You would not have him a slave to any corporeal lust or appetite?"

"He could not be; for in so far as one is not lifted above these, he is not a Christian. Religion can scarcely be worth anything if it does not save a man from the dominion of his animal nature. It must reform and regenerate the external as well as the internal. His very feet, the lowest and most ultimate things of his life, must be washed and made clean."

"I could not express my own views more exactly," Granger replied. As we were parting, he said: "A few friends are to be at my house this evening. I wish you would come round."

"Who are they?" I inquired.

"Dr. Gilbert, from New York, will be there."

"I shall be glad to meet him."

"And Judge Arbuckle and his wife, from Columbus. The judge and I were in the same class at college, and warmly attached friends. It is nearly twenty years since our last meeting. He is a man of fine qualities, both as to head and heart, with decided opinions and considerable force of character. You will enjoy an evening in his company, I am sure; and none the less, I think, from the fact that there is likely to be an earnest encounter between him and Dr. Gilbert."

"Indeed! On what subject?"

"The judge, I am sorry to say, is not a temperance man. He has always taken stimulants, and believes their moderate employment to be useful."

"Has he ever given the subject a careful investigation?"

"I presume not. Law and politics have claimed his closer attention."

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"A discussion between him and Dr. Gilbert, if it should happen to arise, is likely to be a warm one."

"It will be earnest, but fair and courteous, for both are gentlemen," said Mr. Granger. "I am glad of the opportunity to bring these men together, for after their meeting, my old friend Arbuckle will, I think, be in possession of facts that must set him thinking in a new direction. As for himself, I do not greatly fear the serious encroachments of appetite; for he is an exceptionally well-balanced man, with a cool, clear head, and finely-strung nerves; and is known for his moderation and conservative force of character. But his example and influence cannot fail to be exceedingly hurtful, especially with young men."

I promised to make one of his guests that evening, and we parted.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. GRANGER'S law business, which had grown rapidly, was already giving him a handsome income, and his family was again living in a style of comparative elegance. His daughter Amy had developed into a rarely attractive maiden, and was greatly beloved and admired in the circles where she moved. Her quiet grace and dignity were in marked contrast with the free and jaunty manners seen in too many of our young girls, and lifted her above them in the estimation of all who held the sex in any high regard. There were those who sought to win her favor, but as most of the young men whom she happened to meet in society, took part in its drinking customs, she kept herself on guard against their advances and held them at a safe distance. The shadows which intemperance had thrown over her early life rested too deeply on her spirits to be wholly removed; and the pain and humiliation they had occasioned were things that could never be forgotten. To see a glass of wine at the lips of a young man was to lift between himself and her an impassable barrier. She might esteem him as a friend; but she locked the door of her heart against him. If, as happened more than once, a warmer sentiment than friendship had commenced forming, she smothered it out with a quick and resolute hand on discovering the fatal impediment.

But love steals in by unguarded ways, and when once within the citadel of the heart, holds to his advantage and makes vigorous resistance should an attempt be made to cast him out. It so happened that a young man named Pickering, found favor with Amy, and that almost before she was aware of her danger the citadel of her heart had been taken. Handsome in person, pure in life, and true and manly in his character, Henry Pickering was entirely worthy of the love which she was not able to keep from revealing itself in her eyes.

A few months after their more intimate acquaintance, and when the young man's attitude towards Amy left but little doubt as to his feelings and intentions, they met at an evening entertainment, where

liberal refreshments were served. A sudden chill and suspense fell upon the maiden's heart, as, with her hand on Pickering's arm, she began moving towards the supper-room; for the clink of glasses and popping of corks could already be heard. She had never until now met this young man at an evening party; nor had anything occurred in their intercourse so far that gave her any intimation of his attitude towards the too prevalent drinking usages of society. In all her intercourse with him, she had not seen the smallest indication of any indulgence in wine or other intoxicating drinks, and there had come to be with her a tacit and fond belief that he was one of those who kept himself entirely free from their use.

But now the hour of trial and proof had come, and as they entered the supper-room, Amy's breathing became constricted, and her heart beat with heavy, almost suffocating throbs. She took her place a little back from the table, which was liberally supplied with glasses and bottles of wine, and waited for her attendant to bring her some of the refreshments that were being served. This was speedily done. As Pickering handed her the plate which he had filled, he said: "Will you have a glass of champagne, or some sherry?"

"Thank you; no wine for me," replied Amy, with something in her voice that caused the young man to look at her a little curiously.

"You would not have me drink alone?" he said.

"I would not have you drink at all," she answered, a low thrill of feeling in her otherwise steady voice.

Pickering's eyes rested on hers for a moment or two, after which he turned from her slowly, going to the table and filling another plate with salad and oysters. Then he came back to his place by her side; but as they stood eating, they were turned a little away from each other. The young man, who had been a resident of the city for only a year or two, knew nothing at this time of Mr. Granger's history.

It soon became evident to Pickering that his companion was only making a pretence of eating.

"Let me get you something else," said he. "This isn't to your taste. What shall it be?"

But she replied, as she handed him her plate: "Nothing more, I thank you."

He was looking full into her face now, and saw with concern that the brows were slightly drawn, and the color diminished.

"Are you not feeling well? The room is very warm. Let me bring you an ice?"

But she declined anything more, and promptly accepted the young man's invitation to return to the parlor, where they took a seat near one of the windows through which the fresh, cool air was coming. The whole manner of the girl, as well as the expression of her face, had changed; and Pickering was troubled and at a loss to know the meaning of this change which had come so suddenly.

"I'm afraid you are ill," he said.

"Oh, no, no," Amy replied, endeavoring to rally herself. She was too truthful for any subterfuge.

"If not ill, then something has gone wrong, Miss Granger; and I am concerned to know what it is. Have I done anything to disturb or offend you?"

Amy's eyes, which had been on his face, dropped to the floor, and she made no answer. The young man's thought turned back hurriedly, and went over the brief incidents of the supper-room. Was it the offer of a glass of wine? He would know, and at once put the question: "Do you object to wine?"

"It is a dangerous thing," she replied.

"If carried to excess; but not when used in moderation."

"If never used in moderation, excess is impossible. No man is safe but he who lets it alone."

She spoke in a low, steady voice, in which the young man noticed the same thrill of feeling that was in it when she answered him in the supper-room—"I would not have you drink at all."

"Why, Miss Granger?" Pickering exclaimed, trying to make light of the matter, "I didn't know before that you were a little temperance enthusiast."

"It is not with me a matter of enthusiasm," she replied, speaking soberly, "but of deep feeling and settled principle."

"Oh! I was not aware of this before. If I had known it, I should not have committed the rudeness of offering you wine; and I crave pardon for my unfortunate blunder. You are, then, an advocate of entire abstinence."

"Where the use of a useless thing is attended with such awful perils as attend the use of wine, is not he the wise man who lets it alone?"

"I will not say no, Miss Granger. But your proposition is very sweeping. I might take issue with you on the word 'useless,' but am in no way inclined to do so just now. Intemperance is, I am well aware, the great curse of our land."

"And no one who uses intoxicating drinks of any kind, whether moderately or not, is safe from this curse," said Amy.

"I should be sorry to believe that, Miss Granger. I know of a great many men who take their wine or beer every day; but I do not think them in any danger."

"Not one of them?" Her voice was quiet but firm.

"All men are not strong alike, nor given to moderation. Some are inclined to excess in everything. There is always danger with such."

"And danger with all who use an article which invites to excess the very moment you take it. It is here, Mr. Pickering, that the great peril lies. No man is safe who admits an enemy within his fortress; and alcohol is always an enemy."

"We were speaking of wine, not ardent spirits," said the young man.

But Miss Granger was better informed than he had supposed.

"What we call wine is, for the most part, only diluted, drugged and flavored alcohol. Without the

character and quality given by alcohol, few would care to drink it. It takes more wine than brandy to give the required exhilaration; that is all."

"You are booked on this subject, Miss Granger," said Pickering, his brows arching slightly, and his voice betraying some annoyance.

"Where such grave results attend the use of an article, is it not well to examine carefully the ground of its claim upon our confidence?"

There was no excitement in Amy's manner; yet it did not escape the young man's observation that, hidden beneath her quiet exterior, was a great deal of repressed feeling.

"But the novel thing to me is, the fact that a young lady like yourself should be posted on the subject of making and flavoring wines," returned Pickering, rising into an air of banter. "According to your view of the case, wine-drinking is only another name for whisky-drinking."

"If," replied Amy, not moved from her serious attitude, "the drink we call wine is acceptable as a beverage because of the temporary exhilaration its alcohol produces, may it not be true that wine-drinking is, as you say, another name for whisky-drinking?"

"But is it, as you allege, Miss Granger, that alcohol gives to wine its chief acceptable quality? I have never studied the subject; but it seems to me that you must be in some degree of error."

"I have been in the way of hearing a great deal about these matters, and from those who have conducted their investigations with great care," said Amy, "and I am just as certain, as I am of any other declared result of chemical test and analysis, that wine contains so large a proportion of alcohol as to make its use exceedingly dangerous."

"What proportion?" asked Pickering. His manner had become more serious.

"I have heard it variously stated," was replied; "the percentage running from seven or eight to twenty-five or six."

"So large? I wonder how much alcohol whisky or brandy contains? You are no doubt informed as to that also."

"From forty to sixty per cent., I am told."

"Then, if I drink two or three glasses of wine, I get about as much alcohol as if I took a single glass of whisky or brandy?"

"The danger is that such will be the case."

The young man sat with a thoughtful air for a few moments, and then looking up said, with a forced levity of manner: "This is almost comical, Miss Granger."

"What?" inquired his companion, her clear eyes fixed steadily on him.

"Free-and-easy drinking in the dining-room, and a temperance lecture in the parlor," he replied, with a smile breaking into his handsome countenance.

Ere Amy could reply, the sound of laughing voices was heard at the parlor doors, and half a dozen girls and young men came in from the hall and dining-room in gayer spirits than when they went to the

refreshment-tables half an hour before. As one and another returned to the parlor, it was noticeable that a change had come over their spirits. Many of the young girls laughed and talked in louder tones, and were freer in their manners than before; sometimes to a degree that was unmaidenly; while the conduct of some of the young men was offensive to good taste for its rudeness or folly.

"When the wine is in the wit is out," said Pickering, as, rising, he offered his arm to Amy, and they moved down the parlor and mingled with the company, adding, as they gained the lower end of the room, "We might call this the application to your little sermon."

"And the oftener the wine goes in will the wit go out," returned his companion, speaking for his ear alone, "until in the end it may come to stay out altogether."

"I see how it is, Miss Granger," said the young man. "Your thought has a habit of running to the last result of things."

"Is not that wisest?" she asked.

"Doubtless. But the surprise with me is, that a young lady should have such radical views on the subject of drinking. You are in no danger. Nor are these young ladies, for all the wine they get at parties. A little lightness in the head as you see now, then a night's sleep, and all will be over."

"But what of the young men, their companions?" asked Amy.

Pickering gave a slight shrug.

"Will it be all over, as you say, with them? Will the appetite be no stronger, and the power to resist its enticements no weaker?"

"I was speaking of the young ladies, and the danger to them," said Pickering.

"Is no one hurt by intemperance but the men who are its victims?" inquired the girl. "If I am not at fault in my observation, there are to be found among them sons, brothers, husbands and fathers. Have women no relation to these men? In their wounding is there no hurt to the sisters and daughters, to the wives and the mothers?"

Pickering felt again the old thrill in Amy's calm but earnest voice.

"If a young or a middle-aged man should go home from here to-night the worse for the wine he has taken," she added, after a slight pause, "will there be no shame or sorrow in any woman's heart because of it?"

His ear caught the sound of a faint sigh which followed the closing words that fell from his companion's lips.

"We won't talk about this any more," he said. "The theme is too sombre for so gay and festive an occasion." He spoke with some decision of manner. "And now," he added, in a lighter voice, "let us try a little nonsense by way of a restorative."

Amy had already said far more than it was in her thought or purpose to say at the outset, and was very willing to let the subject drop, even though far from being satisfied with the young man's utterances on

the question, which, if his views were not in accord with hers, must stand as an impassable barrier between them. One thing she had long ago settled in her mind, and that was, never to give her hand in marriage to one who did not wholly abstain from the use of alcohol in any of its forms. She would take no risks here. The danger, in her view, was too appalling. Her answer to the question, "How shall I be saved from the curse of strong drink?" was simple and direct. She would neither touch it herself in any of its covert or enticing forms, nor place her happiness in the keeping of one who did.

At the next meeting of the lovers, for so we must call them, though the young man had not yet made a formal declaration of his sentiments, each felt that a barrier had risen between them. In the meantime, Pickering had, in response to some inquiries about Miss Granger's family, learned something of its painful history, and of the sufferings and humiliation through which the girl had passed. This made clear the ground of her prejudice against wine-drinking. I say "prejudice," using the word as Pickering used it at the time. One thing was plain to him; he saw that there would be little hope of compromise with Amy in regard to the use of intoxicating liquor in any of its forms. If he were not prepared to stand on her ground, so far as this question was concerned, he could hardly hope to stand with her at all.

It was this conviction in the mind of Pickering, and the doubts and uncertainties as to his real attitude in regard to the use of alcoholic drinks which troubled Miss Granger, that raised the barrier too plainly visible to each on their next meeting. Both studiously avoided any reference to the subject, though it was never absent a moment from the thought of either. For the first time since their more intimate acquaintance, Amy made an effort to hold herself away, and even to close her heart against him. Her reserve was so apparent that it hurt, then igned, and then partially offended the young man.

"If love," he said to himself, "has no deeper foundation than this, is it worth the name? Is the taking or refusing of a glass of wine to be the test of its quality? The love that I want is a love that can take me for what I am, and trust me all in all; and if she cannot do this, it might as well be at an end between us. To subject myself to any humiliating pledges and restrictions, is simply impossible. I hold my manly freedom too high for that."

An evening of embarrassed intercourse, followed by a cold parting, was the result. They did not meet again for over a week, during which time Amy had striven hard, but vainly, to keep the thought of Pickering out of her mind. With him the effort to banish her image had been no more successful; and as day after day went by without seeing her, tenderness grew in his heart, and the conviction became stronger and stronger that for him life would be nothing if not shared with her. Taking all things into consideration, he was beginning to feel more sympathy with the girl in her extreme views. "It is but natural," he said, "for a burnt child to dread

the fire. All that she has seen and suffered must be set down in her favor."

A week of enforced absence was all that Pickering could endure; and when he met the sweet young girl again the ardor of his feelings was too strong for repression. Love looked out from his eyes more tenderly than ever, and betrayed itself more nearly on his tongue. As for Amy, the gladness of heart which she could not repress overflowed and revealed itself in her blushing face. Before they parted on that evening, the lover had spoken, and the maiden, while not consenting in words, had left him in no doubt as to the real state of her feelings.

Not the remotest reference was made to the subject which had, only a little while before, come in between them with its warning shadow and its separating wall. Was it forgotten by either of them? Not so. But their hearts held it away from any present influence. Love's fruition was for the moment too full for the intrusion of any remote questions of prudence. For love's sake all light impediments must disappear when the time came for their consideration.

So they felt; but with each the feeling of confidence had its ground in the fancied concession of the other. If Henry Pickering really loved her, would he hesitate in a matter which she held to be of such vital moment? So the maiden thought, and took the sweet assurance to her heart. "Amy loves me too well to let a mere prejudice or fancy stand between us," said the young man, confidently, to himself.

But they erred in their conclusions. When the young man pressed a closer suit, Amy referred him to her father, and Pickering found that there would be no consent with either unless the question of his attitude to the drinking customs of society was clearly settled.

"Neither myself nor my daughter," said Mr. Granger, "can afford to run so great a risk as is here involved. For myself, I would rather see my child with the angels." He betrayed considerable emotion.

"I must infer from all this," said Pickering, unable entirely to conceal his disappointment and irritation, "that you think me in special danger."

"No; only in the danger that comes to all who walk in dangerous ways," was the seriously-spoken reply. "If we know that robbers lie in wait along a certain road, what immunity from attack have we if we travel that road?"

"Shall we be cowards, then? or like brave men fight our way through?"

"If we have no business that requires us to go by that road, we put our courage to a useless test," replied Mr. Granger. "This way of drinking, my young friend, is not an orderly appointed way in life. It leads to no desirable result; has no goal of fortune, or honor, or happiness. They who walk in it are not exposed to the assaults of robbers alone, who waste and plunder their substance, but fatal miasmas lie along the marshes through which it often winds. It has pitfalls in many of its smoothest places, and steep precipices to which the road clings

treacherously. If a man propose to go in this way, it is better that he should go alone, Mr. Pickering. Love, surely, will not expose its object, needlessly, to dangers like these."

"Frankly, Mr. Granger, I see more of hyperbole in all this than a statement of what the real danger is," said Pickering.

The irritation that betrayed itself in his manner a little while before was all gone; and though his speech was plain, it was not in the least disrespectful.

"The direful effects that too surely attend on excessive drinking, can scarcely be exaggerated by any figures of speech that our language is capable of forming," answered Mr. Granger. "I am many years older than you, and have seen deeper into this evil of intemperance than it is possible for you to have seen; and such is my dread of its subtle power that I never see a man with a glass of intoxicating liquor in his hand that I do not feel like uttering a cry of warning. Depend upon it, Mr. Pickering, there is no safe way for a young man, as he makes his entry into this world's busy, exciting and, in too many cases, exhausting arena, but that of complete abstinence from beverages in which alcohol is found."

"It certainly has its good as well as its evil effects," said the young man. "Used in moderation, it serves as a restorative in some cases, and as a tonic and vitalizer in many others. And in certain forms of disease it is almost a specific; at least I have so understood."

"I scarcely think you have studied this subject in the light of more recent investigations and experiences," remarked Mr. Granger.

"In truth, I have not studied it at all. But there are facts which are commonly known and accepted, and these scarcely warrant the complete banishment to which our extreme temperance advocates would subject all kinds of liquor, not excepting beer and the lighter wines."

"There are many inferences, and loose sayings, and unproved assertions in regard to the beneficial effects of alcohol on the human body, as well in health as in sickness," was replied, "but one after another, they are being disproved, until the substance called alcohol has, by the ablest chemists and pathologists, with only an exception here and there, been set over to the side of poisons. It has no food value whatever; and its disturbing and disorganizing effects have become so well known in the medical profession, that even the small number of intelligent physicians who hold to its administration in certain cases, the range of which grows narrower every day, are giving it with great caution and in very small doses."

"Is this really so?" asked the young man, showing some surprise.

"It is just as I have said," replied Mr. Granger. "This whole subject is receiving the most careful attention from the best medical experts; and the day of guess work and loose generalization is over. Nothing will now do for prudent men but rigid analysis and clearly-established fact. Let me urge upon you, in the outset of life, to give this question

of the true effect of alcohol on the human system an impartial examination; to challenge a substance that works such fearful havoc among men, and require it to answer in no uncertain speech. If it be a friend of the people, there will be no difficulty in establishing the fact; if an enemy, the case can be made equally clear."

"Thank you for the suggestion, Mr. Granger," said the young man. "There is reason in what you say. I will look into this matter more carefully, and if I find it as you allege, I shall not hesitate about my future attitude."

"If you will come and see us to-morrow evening, I think you will be likely to hear a discussion on this subject that will interest you. A few friends are coming in, among whom will be a Dr. Gilbert, from New York, who has given the subject of inebriation and the action of alcoholic stimulants on the human body, a careful study for many years. He is no temperance enthusiast, as the people are too much inclined to call such men as I am, but a cool-headed observer, who will be satisfied with nothing in relation to this subject which the most perfect methods of chemical analysis and physiological investigation have not settled. You will be impressed with him as a man who knows whereof he speaks."

"Thank you, Mr. Granger. I shall certainly avail myself of the opportunity. It is clear seeing that makes right action. But to act where the judgment is not convinced is never wise. And this is the cause of my hesitation now. I might promise you that I would never take wine or brandy; but if I did not think it wrong for some clearly-seen reason, to use these articles, my promise would ever after be an annoying impediment, and might be broken. But if my promise rests on principle; if I abstain from prudence and judgment; my attitude towards the drinking customs of society will express my true sentiments, and I shall stand firm on the solid ground of my convictions."

"Which will be far better," returned Mr. Granger.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON arriving at Mr. Granger's, I found a small but select company. There were Dr. Gilbert, and Judge Arbuckle and his wife, whom I had been particularly invited to meet. Mr. Stannard was there also; and a Mrs. K—, one of the representative women who were actively engaged in the work of Christian temperance reform. I had not before seen young Henry Pickering, and was attracted by his face and bearing; and particularly so, as it was plain, from unmistakable signs, that he was more to Amy Granger than an ordinary acquaintance. But I did not fail to observe that there was in the attitude of these young people towards each other a certain reserve that was almost embarrassment. During the conversation that ensued, and which soon drifted into a discussion of the claims of alcohol to have any nutritive or therapeutical value, I was struck by the intentness with which Amy watched the young man's face,

as if trying to read his thoughts; and there was, at times, a restlessness in her manner that was particularly noticeable, with occasional swift changes in the expression of her countenance. You saw it light up suddenly when some strong point was made by Dr. Gilbert; and this was always accompanied by a glance towards the young man who was seated by her side.

Dr. Gilbert, whom I had not met before, was a man about fifty, with a quiet, thoughtful face. You saw in his eyes, which were a dark gray, that steady, intent expression which comes of earnest thought. His mouth was firm, its character harmonizing with what you saw in his eyes. You recognized him at once as a man with whom neither fancy nor impulse could have much influence.

Judge Arbuckle was another style of man altogether. He was taller, with a finer muscular development, and a larger head. His eyes were darker, and so was his complexion. All his features broke into a quicker play, and you perceived at once that he was a man of sentiment and feeling as well as of intellect and perception, and that in any direction in which he might throw himself he would display both mental vigor and force of will.

It was curious to see these two men meet in the discussion I had come prepared to hear. But I knew enough of the results of recent investigations in regard to alcohol, to be very well satisfied about the issue, if Dr. Gilbert was as well posted in facts and results as I had reason to believe.

I will not hold the reader in any of the preliminary phases and drifts of conversation into which the company fell, but bring him in contact therewith where the points of interest were clear, and bore with distinctive force on the main subject under discussion, which was the affirmation on one side that alcohol, if used in moderation, was beneficial, and the declaration on the other that its action on the human body, except in some very unusual conditions, was always hurtful.

"I claim," said Judge Arbuckle, "that wine, and in many cases brandy, are necessary articles, both in diet and medicine. They assist nature in the work of digestion, and give tone to weakened nerves. I have seen many lives saved, under conditions of extreme prostration, by the use of spirits. In typhoid fevers, brandy, as you well know, is the physician's sheet-anchor. Without it, three out of every five of his patients would die from simple lack of heart-power, which can only be restored through active stimulation. In sudden attacks of illness, as in faintings, cholera, a suspension of heart-action, or exhaustion from fatigue or cold, there is nothing that will act so quickly as a glass of brandy. I never think of leaving home without a supply; and should regard myself as culpable were I to do so. I can point to scores of instances in which a timely draught of brandy has saved me from a spell of sickness, if it has not saved my life. There is one fact that should never be overlooked. Society is not in a normal condition. It is overworked. There is a strain upon

everything, and a consequent exhaustion of strength. Nature, always quick in her instinct of danger, has, at the same time, as quick a perception of the remedy needed; and her indication is unmistakable here. It is stimulation that is required. All men feel this; and the universal resort to stimulants of one kind or another is but the natural and necessary response to the demands of our exhausted and failing vital forces."

The judge spoke with considerable warmth of manner, and with a tone and emphasis which expressed his firm conviction that the assertions he was making were unanswerable.

"Facts and experience are stubborn things, doctor," he closed by remarking; "and these we have in abundance. But men who have pet theories"—he smiled pleasantly as he said it—"are wonderfully skilled in the art of explaining away both."

Dr. Gilbert did not seem to be in any haste to controvert the judge's assertions. His first response came in the form of a question.

"If you were to find a man benumbed with cold, what would you do for him?"

"Pour a glass of brandy down his throat as quickly as possible."

"For what purpose?"

"To heat him up, of course. Heat is life; cold is death."

"Suppose I were to tell you that alcohol lowers instead of raising the temperature of the body?"

"I would say that you were jesting."

"And yet the assertion is true."

"Did you ever take a swallow of brandy?"

"Yes."

"Did it make you feel cold or warm?"

"I felt a sense of warmth."

"Burning up even to your face?"

"Yes."

"Is heat cold, doctor?" The judge spoke as one who had closed the controversy in a single sentence.

"Does heat cause the thermometer to fall?" asked Dr. Gilbert.

"I do not see the drift of your question," replied the judge.

"After the most carefully conducted experiments, often repeated," said the doctor, "the fact has been clearly established that alcohol, instead of imparting warmth to the body, actually lowers its temperature."

Judge Arbuckle shook his head in a decided negative. "If I take a glass of wine or brandy, I come into an immediate glow. It doesn't do to tell me that I feel cold. Experiment may prove what it can; but it certainly cannot prove this—at least not to my satisfaction. There is such a thing as color blindness; and a like defect may exist in some of the other senses. Feeling with some may be blind also, and mistake heat for cold."

"A young lady blushes," said the doctor, in reply. "You will hardly say that because her cheeks have become hot the temperature of her whole body has been raised; but rather infer that the equilibrium of

heat has been disturbed, or that the capillaries have become relaxed and suffused. An impulse of feeling has disturbed the heart's action, and made its beats more violent. Suppose this temporary engorgement of the minute blood vessels of the skin were to take place, with a sense of heat all over the body, would there not be an increased radiation of heat from all the surface, and a consequent lowering of the body's temperature, especially with the interior organs?"

"But what has the blushing of a young lady to do with the colorific or refrigerant effect of a glass of brandy?" asked the judge.

"The phenomenon observed in both cases is due to the same cause," said the doctor. "Alcohol relaxes the minutest vessels so that they are unable to return the blood promptly to the circulation; cutaneous engorgements follow, with an increase of surface heat, and accelerated radiation. The effect on the extremities of the nerves is that of a warm glow, such as is felt during a reaction from cold. Instead of there being an actual increase in the general temperature of the body, as the result of alcoholic stimulant, a reduction takes place, as has been proved over and over again by the thermometer."

"You take me out of my depth here, doctor. I have never given much attention to physiology," answered the judge, a little less confident in his manner.

"But you know what common sense is; and how to deduce conclusions from well-established facts. It is the habit of your mind to weigh evidence. Now, for the sake of the truth, which is as dear to you as to any man living, will you not, for a little while, take the place of a judge in this controversy, and give to the evidence I shall bring against alcohol as an enemy to the human race, the grave consideration it should have?"

"I accept the office to which you so gracefully assign me," replied the judge, smiling. "But as I leave my client without an advocate, I shall claim the right to say a word in his behalf if I think you treat him unfairly."

"As many words as you please. If there is any good in him I should like to know it; but I am free to say, that the more carefully I investigate his claim to be, in any sense, a friend to the human race, except for what service he may give in chemistry and the arts, the more complete are my convictions that he is only an enemy. I cannot find a single thing in which the harm of his presence is not greater than the good."

"But we were talking about the heat-producing quality of alcohol. Now, heat is generated through the union of oxygen with carbon, by which the latter is consumed. There are certain articles of food, such as the fat, starches and sugars, which are known as heat-producing and force-generating, and chemistry is at no loss in regard to them. Their value has been determined with the greatest accuracy. The amount of heat that each of these substances will give when taken into the body has been carefully measured, and is known to all in our profession. But in regard to alcohol, so long held, even by medical men, to be a heat-producer, animal chemistry has not yet been able

to detect any evidence of oxidation, the blood showing none of the usual results of this process. And now, since we have been using the thermometer as a test of the internal temperature of the body, in order to ascertain the heating value of foods, or its thermal condition under various disturbing influences, we find that when alcohol is taken there follows a marked reduction of heat. The best medical writers now agree on this subject; and some practitioners have even gone so far as to administer it in fever as a cooling agent.

"Even before science had made this discovery of the non-heat-generating power of alcohol, arctic navigators had learned from experience that the use of spirits lessen a man's ability to withstand cold; and now the extreme northern voyager avoids its use altogether, in order to retain sufficient heat to sustain him under the intense cold to which he is subjected. In the voyage made in search of Sir John Franklin, no alcoholic stimulants were used; and the northern whaler employs them very sparingly or not at all."

"Do you remember," said Mr. Stannard, at this point, "a Pole named Lemonowsky, who, some twenty years ago, gave lectures in this country on Napoleon?"

Some of us remembered him very well.

"I mentioned him because of a lecture he gave on temperance, the facts of which fully corroborate what the doctor has just been saying. Lemonowsky, who had been an officer in Napoleon's army, stated, that when about leaving home, as a boy, his father placed his hand upon his head, and after declaring that intoxicating drinks were the great curse of mankind, solemnly conjured him never to touch or taste them; and that he gave his father a promise that he never would. And all his life he remained true to that promise. He took the ground, that the use of alcohol in extreme cold, extreme heat or extreme exhaustion, was dangerous, and often fatal, and, in proof of his position, made three statements of remarkable facts which had come within his own observation and experience.

"Lemonowsky accompanied Napoleon in his invasion of Russia. He said that among his immediate associates in the army were about thirty who, like himself, wholly abstained from ardent spirits, and that while men who drank freely were dying almost like sheep from gangrene and other diseases, brought on from exposure to the intense cold, every one of these thirty abstainers were in good health, and every one came back from that disastrous campaign. In Egypt, when heat was enervating the army, and death rapidly reducing its numbers, the men who refused to drink ardent spirits still retained their health, and suffered from thirst and heat far less than their companions. This intelligent Pole then went on to relate how, after the battle of Waterloo, and the delivery by the allies of Marshal Ney and many officers to the French at Paris, he, with a few others, effected their escape, and put to sea in a boat, from which they were taken while in the British Channel by a vessel bound to the United States. Subsequently this vessel was wrecked in a storm, and Lemonowsky

found himself again upon the sea in an open boat, with nine companions and only a small supply of provisions and water. These were soon used up, and for many days they had nothing to eat or drink. When finally rescued, by a vessel bound to Philadelphia, they were in such an extreme state of exhaustion that they had to be literally carried on board. 'Immediately,' said the narrator, 'on being placed in a berth, the ship's doctor brought me a glass of hot whisky and water, and placed it to my lips. But I refused to drink it.' 'You must, or you will die,' he said. 'Then I told him I would die, for I never had and never would drink intoxicating liquor. He got angry, and swore at me, and called me a fool. But I wouldn't touch his whisky. Well, gentlemen and ladies, I recovered; but of the nine who were taken with me out of the boat, and who took the doctor's stimulating draught, not even though it 'twas, every one died. So, you see, that in extreme cold, or heat, or exhaustion, alcohol, so far from being useful, is one of the most dangerous substances a man can take into his system.'

"A very striking experience, certainly," said Dr. Gilbert, "and one that is entirely in the line of legitimate results, as proved by the latest and most carefully-conducted experiments. There was a time when, if I had heard this story of Lemonowsky's, I would have pronounced it a bit of fancy work, or, at least, an exaggeration of an isolated case or two which were but exceptions to a rule, the action of which was all on the other side. But I can well believe, now, that the sturdy old Pole gave truthful evidence of which he knew."

"If I understand the case," remarked Judge Arbuckle; "I am on the bench, you see, and am considering the evidence—the result of some recent experiments, and the evidence of a few isolated facts are held to disprove the beneficial effects of a substance which medical men have used efficiently for generations, and which every head of a family has administered with success in scores, if not hundreds, of instances of sudden sickness?"

"The new and exhaustive tests to which this substance has been subjected," replied Dr. Gilbert, "have nearly all been conducted within the last ten years, and so conclusive have been the results, that in the International Medical Congress, which met last year in Philadelphia, at which over six hundred delegates from this country and Europe were assembled, a report was adopted in which alcohol was declared to have no food value whatever, and to be so deleterious in its effects on the human organism, as to leave a grave doubt whether, even as a medicine in the most extreme cases, it did not do more harm than good."

"Not unanimously adopted, certainly."

"The facts are simply these. The National Temperance Society sent a memorial to this important Congress, asking from it a public declaration to the effect that alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs, and that when prescribed medicinally, it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of

grave responsibility. That it should declare it to be in no sense a food for the human system, and that its improper use is productive of a large amount of physical disease, tending to deteriorate the human race; and further, to recommend to their several nationalities, as representatives of enlightened science, a total abstinence from alcoholic beverages. The consideration of this memorial was referred to the 'Section on Medicine,' in which the questions proposed were discussed with marked ability and earnestness, resulting in the almost unanimous adoption of an elaborate report by Dr. Ezra M. Hunt. In this report alcohol is declared to have no food value, and to be of doubtful utility as a medicine. Indeed, its therapeutic value is limited almost exclusively to that of a cardiac stimulant in certain extreme cases which often admit of substitutions. Of its evil and destructive action on the body and brain, a frightful exhibit is given. This report, as transmitted by the 'Section on Medicine' to the General Congress, was ordered by that body to be sent to the National Temperance Society as an answer to its memorial."

I was observing the face of Judge Arbuckle while Dr. Gilbert was speaking. The grave, almost puzzled expression that came creeping over it, was curious to see. The judge had a respect for science, learning and authority. The testimony of the old Pole, Lemonowsky, went for almost nothing. But here was an International Medical Congress of over six hundred eminent physicians, representing, of course, the highest intelligence of the profession, uttering its grave condemnation, and at a word sealing up the bottle from which he had been drawing his favorite medicament, and declaring its use to be hurtful in nearly every case of administration.

"I don't know, doctor," he said, "whether I am really awake or not; all this is so new and improbable. I shall expect to hear, presently, that a beef-steak has its hidden dangers, and that coffee will poison as surely as arsenic."

"By their fruits ye shall know them; and it so happens that, in regard to alcohol, there is no difficulty about the fruit," returned the doctor.

"None whatever in regard to its abuse," returned the judge. "That is admitted by every one. But we are talking of its moderate use as a beverage, and of its value as a medicine. Take me, for example. I have used more or less wine and spirits for over twenty-five years. Few men enjoy better health. Except some torpor of the liver, which I believe is hereditary."

Dr. Gilbert looked steadily into Judge Arbuckle's face for a few moments, as if making a critical examination. Then reaching out his hand, he said: "Let me feel your pulse, judge."

There was a deep pause and silence.

"With some slight disturbance of the heart occasionally," remarked the doctor, quietly.

"Very slight. Nothing to speak of," replied the judge, with the manner of one who felt a little disturbed.

"A sinking sensation after exertion, or anxiety, or abstinence from food?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Which all comes right after a good, strong glass of brandy?"

"Yes."

"You find this occurring oftener than it did a few years ago?"

"Well, yes. I'm getting older, you see, and any organic trouble one may have generally increases with age. But, fortunately, I know what to do, and have my remedy always at hand."

"In some form of alcoholic stimulant?"

"Exactly."

"How often do you resort to this remedy? Every day?"

I saw a change of expression in the judge's face, and a contraction of his brows, as he replied:

"Almost every day."

"Especially in the morning before you have taken food?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, Judge Arbuckle," said the doctor, with a grave smile on his face, "did it never occur to you that the remedy you are taking for the relief of this trouble is the very agent by which it has been produced?"

Judge Arbuckle shook his head in a decided manner.

"And that your torpid liver is only another evidence of organic deterioration produced by this favorite remedy—or shall I say beverage—to which you resort so frequently?"

"Organic deterioration, doctor!" There was a covert alarm in the judge's voice.

"There is no substance used by man which produces so many and such serious organic deterioration as alcohol," replied the doctor, speaking soberly. "There is not an organ, or delicate nerve, or membrane, or fluid, or vessel, that it does not hurt by contact, or deteriorate if the contact be continued. The heart, which is the centre of life, is subjected to an excess of strain so long as it is in the system, because, being a substance that is never digested, or converted into food or force, it hurts and disturbs until elimination takes place. But this strain, or overwork, is the least of the evils which come from the presence of alcohol. The changes and deteriorations of structure, and in the condition of the blood, which take place in consequence of the presence of alcohol, are of a most serious character. Let me try to make this plain. The whole surface of the body, and every particular organ, muscle, nerve, blood-vessel, and even the bones, are enveloped in sheaths or coverings called the membranes. Besides the first apparent use of these membranes, many of which serve as enveloping bandages, by which all the structures are held together in perfect order, they have a still more important use in the animal economy. They are the filters of the body, and without them there could be no building of the structures they line or enclose. The food we take contains all

the various things required for the life and health of the body; albumen, casein and vegetable film for tissue building; fat, sugar and starch for the production of heat and force; water as the general solvent, and salt for constructive and other purposes. These have, after digestion, to be arranged in the body, which is done by the membranes, through which nothing can pass which is not for the time in a state of aqueous solution. Water passes freely through them, and so do soluble salts; but the constructive albuminous matter does not pass until it is chemically decomposed. Upon their integrity all the silent work of building up the body depends. If these membranes are rendered too porous, and let out the tissue-building fluids of the blood, the body dies gradually, as if it were being slowly bled to death; if, on the contrary, they become condensed or thickened, they fail to let the natural fluids pass through them, and the result is either an accumulation of fluids in a closed cavity, or the contraction of the substance enclosed within the membrane, or a dryness of membranous surfaces which ought to be freely lubricated and kept apart.

"Now, the most carefully-conducted experiments have educed the fact that upon all the membranous structures alcohol exerts a direct and perverting action. It produces in them a thickening, a shrinking and an inactivity that reduces their functional power. That they may work rapidly and equally, they require to be at all times charged with water to saturation; and an agent that deprives them of any portion of this water interferes with their work, and lays the foundation of structural derangements and deteriorations that are often fatal in the end. Alcohol is an agent which possesses in a high degree this power of absorbing water; and as soon as it is taken into the body it begins the work of absorption. Dr. Hunt, in his report to the Medical Congress, says: 'The power alcohol has of drying secretions, and congesting membranes, is unsurpassed by any known remedy in general use;' and Dr. Richardson, in his Cantor Lectures on Alcohol, dwells particularly on this point in his startling exhibit of the destructive effects of alcohol when taken into the human body."

(Concluded in next number.)

GAIL HAMILTON, speaking for her sex, says: "Don't, above all things, walk smoking by the side of women. No matter if she does give you permission when you ask it. You should not have asked it. We don't wish you to do it, you may be sure. It is a disrespectful thing. It partakes of the nature of an insult. No matter how grand, or learned, or distinguished you may be, don't do it!"

BEGIN the education of the heart, not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upwards. The virtues, like the body, become strong and healthy more by labor than nourishment.

VAIN RESISTANCE.

GILBERT CAVANAGH was twenty-five years of age, and the time had come for him to choose a wife. It was Mrs. Cavanagh's opinion that men who possess, or those who, like her son, were to inherit property, ought to settle down early, so as to become acquainted with the responsibilities and duties of life; and Mr. Rupert Cavanagh having himself done so, entirely agreed with her.

"Our union, Isabella," he said, as they were talking the matter over, "saved me, I believe, from a thousand snares. If more of young nobles and men of good family would marry earlier, there would not be half the dissipation, which is now a blot upon civilization, going on. The turf, for instance, would not have a tenth of its victims, and many hundreds of rascals who now, vulture-like, fatten upon the decay of others, would have either to work honestly or starve. Gilbert must marry. He can have a thousand a year for the present, and five hundred more for helping me to keep the estate in order. That ought to suffice for a beginning."

"It was more than we had, Rupert," said Mrs. Cavanagh, smiling.

"Yes; my respected father was against early marriages, and he was a great man for marrying either for wealth or interest."

"And you got neither with me, Rupert."

"Yes I did," he replied; "I got the wealth of your love, and the deep interest of a devoted wife. I wanted no more."

The foregoing conversation took place about two days prior to Gilbert's return from Oxford, where he had fairly distinguished himself in learning, and shone out brilliantly as an athlete. He won the best running prizes, and pulled bow in the Univerity boat. His return had been a theme of conversation for weeks, and the subject of his exploits dwelt upon with the untiring love of devoted parents. He was an only son and child, and just a little spoiled.

He came—tall, strong and handsome—bringing with him the atmosphere of sound health, and The Steepholmes—which had been quiet for months—aroused itself and became bright and gay. Invitations to friends were sent out, and Gilbert was told to prepare for the arduous duties of entertaining. He was also told to make choice of a wife.

"Marry!" said Gilbert; "marry at twenty-four!"

"Why not?" urged his mother; "there is much to do at home, and you can have The Cedars."

"But I want to see life," said Gilbert.

"What sort of life?" asked Mr. Cavanagh, quietly.

A faint flush overspread Gilbert's face as he replied: "Oh, life in general—to know what men and manners are—to see places."

"You can study men and manners as well married as you can single, and there is no place you ought to see where you cannot take your wife," returned Mr. Rupert Cavanagh.

The heir of Steepholmes shrugged his shoulders rather petulantly, and said that it was very hard to

come straight from school and be driven into a wedding.

"You will not be driven," said Mrs. Cavanagh. "All we wish you to understand is, that we desire you to marry, as we think it best. Seeing life, as you have called it, often ends in finding death."

"Then I am not to be coerced or driven, and you won't cast me off if I do not marry?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Cavanagh, laughing; "but if you fall in love with a suitable girl—marry."

"No fear of my falling in love," replied Gilbert, shaking his head waggishly; "invite whom you please—come one, come all. I defy them—from the rock of single happiness I will not fly."

He spoke in ignorance of the power of woman-kind, poor fellow; but he really considered himself to be a thorough man of the world. He had already formed very strong opinions on many subjects, and finally settled in his own mind several great social problems which just then agitated and puzzled society. As for love, he laughed at it.

"No man," he said, "need fall in love unless he chooses. Say that you meet a pretty girl, with eyes that seem to catch and hold your gaze captive. What then? Don't be taken. Defy her power, or run away? Standing your ground is, of course, best if you can do it; but if the enemy is too strong for you, beat a skillful retreat. If a man allows himself to be drawn into a love affair and a marriage, he must take the consequences, and he has no more right to complain than the man who sees a pitfall and deliberately walks into it."

Thus spoke Gilbert in his strength to his mother, and she, being wiser and older than he, smiled and said nothing. His father, however, with the rashness of his sex, attempted to reason with him.

"My dear boy," he said, "love is a thing you catch, like the scarlet fever, without knowing how it comes, and once you have it there is but one cure."

"You cannot see the scarlet fever as it approaches," replied Gilbert; "but you know instantly, when you meet a pretty girl, whether you are going to like her or not. I should not run away from one. Fill your house with them, and see how firmly I will stand my ground. If, however, you wish me to marry—"

"Not unless you wish it, too, Gilbert."

"Then as I do not wish it, sir, I fear that no match will be made."

"We shall see."

Mrs. Cavanagh cast about amongst her acquaintances and friends, and selecting some half-dozen with pretty girls in the family, invited them down on a visit. The Steepholmes was a beautiful place, held in high esteem by those who knew it, and all who received invitations came.

First there were Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Pierson and their daughter Maggie—a vivacious brunette, with eyes that had worked much mischief among the young men about her who were yet in their teens, and done creditable execution to the hearts of those older and more experienced; but she had hitherto declined all offers, because she had not found a man

who inspired her with more than respect. To marry on respect alone is like going into business with a shop-front and nothing to sell—the result is sure to be a failure. Maggie may therefore be considered a wise little woman in these days, when every eligible man is hunted down, pounced upon and led away captive before he really knows what is going on.

Then came the McGregor girls, three in number—tall Scotch lasses, with good faces and figures, and splendid hands at managing an income, and the eldest only twenty-two. They were poor, and liked a change from home with ten in a family to the quiet beauty of Steepholmes. Next, Mrs. Janson and her two daughters, Mr. Stevenson Harmer and his one daughter, and finally Ethel Fairfax.

Ethel was an orphan under the guardianship of Mr. Deedly Taxwell, her father's lawyer, who, being a quiet man, much given to poring over musty parchments, was only too glad to get rid of his charge whenever he could pass her into safe hands—for Ethel was so full of life and vivacity that reading of any sort, especially of the parchment kind, was a matter of difficulty when she was by.

Gilbert smiled as each arrived in turn, until Ethel—whom he had not seen since she was a child—came, and then he looked a little grave. Neither Maggie, nor the Scotch girls, nor the others, had any charm for him. They were nice, agreeable companions, and he liked them very much—but he felt perfectly safe in their presence. With Ethel it was different; she was evidently one of those pretty girls who captivate the hearts of men, and Gilbert got his armor out and burnished it for the coming fight.

She was certainly very pretty—even those of her own sex admitted it—and in riding-dress she looked so bewitching that Gilbert's armor was soon knocked about and sadly defaced in many places. Picnics, boating excursions, riding parties and the pleasant after-dinner conversation in the drawing-room, harassed this valiant young knight, until defeat stared him in the face.

He tried hard to persuade himself that it was not so, and made believe that there was nothing more than ordinary gallantry in assisting her to mount, and in turning over the pages of her music; but why was Ethel always the first object of his attention when the horses were brought to the door, and why did he bend so low when turning the music, as if he could not distinctly see it, and whisper, "What charming music!" "How well you understand the meaning of the composer!" and such like phrases, all of which were so many flags of surrender hung in most conspicuous places on the castle walls.

"It won't do," he murmured, as he walked upon the terrace in the moonlight after a delightful evening, during which Ethel's eyes had pierced every joint of his armor, and Ethel's words touched every fibre of his heart. "It won't do. If I go on in this way I shall be falling in love with her—if—if—such a thing were possible. But I am not going to fall in love. Denby always said that no man ought to marry before he is thirty, and Denby knows the world."

Denby was his college chum and senior by a year—a great philosopher in his way, and an inveterate scorner of the weaker sex. It was Denby's idea that a man could marry whom he chose and when he chose. But it was different with women. They had to marry young or not at all, and of course it was to their interest to secure the first victim who fell into their snares. Gilbert had a great idea of Denby's wisdom, and looked upon him as his guide as well as friend.

"Something must be done," said Gilbert, after a little confused meditation, in which he mixed up broken resolves to remain obdurate, with fragmentary observations upon Ethel's eyes, voice, skill as a musician and grace as a horsewoman. "Something must be done—but what? I cannot run away. I could never be so rude as to leave my father's guests. Besides, I—I—said I would not. What shall I do? I know—I'll send for Denby."

So he wrote to Mr. Frank Denby, and that philosophical gentleman, having no engagement on hand, arrived within two days, and took up his abode at The Steepholmes. Gilbert had warned him that there were a "lot of girls" in the house; but he made that of little account, being fenced round and about in such a way—as he fondly believed—that he was impregnable.

Denby heard his friend's case, and prescribed. "Don't avoid her," he said, "but treat her like an old friend; and when you are away, don't think of her. In a week you will be cured."

No doubt he would—if he could only have followed the prescription; but therein lay the difficulty. He could not treat Ethel like an old friend, or banish her from his thoughts when they were apart. He never could think of anything else or talk of anything else, even to Denby.

At first that sagacious friend reproved him very severely, and urged him to "be a man," and to "shake off such idle dreams." He also bade him mark how he (Denby) comported himself at the picnic, at croquet and in the evening. "I am the same to all," he said; "I admire them, but I am friendly, and nothing more."

Thus things went on for a few days—Gilbert dilating upon the beauty and accomplishments of Ethel, and Denby urging him not to yield; and then came a change—the great Denby abandoned advice and came out with a struggle of his own.

"That Maggie Pierson is a nice girl," he said, as he and Gilbert walked in the wood before breakfast. "I had no idea she could sing so beautifully."

"She has a fair voice," said Gilbert, "but there is not much power in it. Now Ethel—"

"I do not like Miss Fairfax's voice," said Denby; "it is too loud, and seems—my taste may be bad, you know—to be rather harsh. Now when Maggie sings, the music seems to warble up to you like—"

"Warble! Nonsense!" interrupted Gilbert. "I really wonder at you. She begins very well, but soon dies away into the whisper of a song."

"That may be your opinion, but it is not mine,"

returned Denby, with an offended air; "and I think it very rude of you to speak thus slightly of your prettiest guest."

"My prettiest guest! What is Ethel, then? But don't let us quarrel, Denby; Maggie is nothing to you."

"No—no," replied Denby, gloomily, "nor I to her; she looks upon me with the utmost indifference."

"All the better for you," said Gilbert.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the other; "how would you like it if Ethel—"

But there! let us not give all that followed. Both were in the hands of the enemy, and presented but a sorry spectacle with their battered armor and dragged plumes. Two more woe-begone knights never cut up a pie at a picnic, or missed the easiest of croquets on the smoothest of lawns. The chains of love were upon them, and they were led captives whithersoever their conquerors pleased.

And yet they fondly hoped that their secret was unknown; and in the seclusion of Gilbert's room they both declared it to be their solemn intention not to show their wounds.

"In another week," said Denby, "they will be gone, and then we shall have a chance to come round a bit."

"How gloomy. The Steepholmes will be," said Gilbert, with a sad shake of the head; "it will be almost unbearable."

"The Piersons talk of going to Ramsgate," said Denby. "They have some property there, and Mr. Pierson wants to have a look at it."

"Ramsgate is very dull, is it not?" asked Gilbert.

"Oh, no—quite lively. I think of going myself."

"You go to Ramsgate!" exclaimed Gilbert, quite overcome.

"Yes," replied Denby, looking rather confused.

"I—I—don't know that I want to go, but—but—in a weak moment I promised to go; or, perhaps I ought to put it in this way—I said I was going."

"Oh!" said Gilbert, shortly, and putting his hands into his pockets, softly whistled the air, "A frog he would a-wooing go," which so huffed Denby that he walked off, and on reaching his own room sat down and thought of—Maggie.

Two days later the Piersons left, and Denby, having made a lame excuse—pardonable only on the grounds of the confusion following an utter rout of all his original ideas—went off by the same train; and Gilbert, thus deprived of his valuable aid and counsel, yielded to the force of circumstance, and proposed to Ethel. She was not unprepared for the event—what woman ever was?—but she was not decided; "their knowledge of each other was so limited," she said, "and would it not be better to wait until they knew a little more of each other?" Gilbert—the sturdy knight who was determined not to yield—pleaded his cause with ardor, and as Ethel in her heart loved him, gained the day. He lost no time in communicating the good news to Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh, and received their con-

gratulations, untarnished by any allusion to defeated determination.

He wrote off to Denby, favoring that great philosopher with a powerful description of the beauty and goodness of Ethel—every word of which he had heard a dozen times before; and the letter reached Ramsgate just after the valiant Denby had posted a letter with a similar panegyric on Maggie—and no further mutual confession was needed.

Gilbert and Ethel were married, and the Scotch lasses and Maggie were bridesmaids. Denby attended as best man, and was rather sulky over the fact that Gilbert had struck into the right road before him; but he soon cheered up, and made such a speech at the breakfast in favor of marriage, that several of his college friends who were present were quite bewildered with astonishment. A month later his fetters were riveted, and his philosophical bachelorhood came to an end; and very happily he and his wife live together—almost, if not quite, as happily as another couple at The Cedars.

There is very little moral in my story, but what there is one may see at a glance. It is very unwise to boast, especially when the subject is the gentle sex, for of a truth a man may be free one moment and the next in the toils. Once there, it is no use struggling; light and pleasant as the fetters are, they are binding; so pray, gentle reader, when they are cast about you, accept your lot and be very thankful.

SOMETHING ABOUT PINS.

THE earliest mention which I remember of pins is in the book of Isaiah. The prophet is reproving the Jewish women for wearing so much fine apparel when they ought to have been mourning. In the twenty-second verse of the third chapter he speaks of "the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the *crisping pins*." And this was about two thousand, six hundred years ago. The Roman ladies, too, used to wear pins in their hair, and they were not unknown even among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Then, however, they were very rare, and considered quite a luxury, and used only by the highest families in the land.

The pins that I have referred to above are hair-pins, and it is not until the reign of Richard III. that pins of the present shape are heard of, and these were made of boxwood, bone or silver, and were much larger than those now in use.

The reign of Henry VIII. may be regarded as the era when the ordinary brass pins were first manufactured in any quantity. That they began to attract attention then, is apparent from the fact that a law was passed that in future none were to be sold but such as were well-pointed and had their heads firmly put on. It was also mentioned in the Act that the price charged should not exceed 6s. 8d. per thousand, which was a very large sum, considering how much more money was then worth than it is at the present day.

Catherine Howard, wife of King Henry VIII.,

introduced to the English the fashion of using pins; and so expensive an item were they considered, that ladies were allowed a separate sum for their purchase. This is the origin of the term "pin-money."

The principal place for the manufacture of pins during many years was Gloucester, England, which was able to make at one time almost all the pins that were required. But as the demand for them increased year by year, the trade spread by degrees to other towns.

Before the invention of machinery, the best way of producing pins was to divide the labor amongst ten people—four men, four women and two children—who could make ten pounds, or about fifty-five thousand of average size in eight hours. It has been estimated that about thirty years ago there were about fifteen million pins manufactured daily in England, or in the course of a year four billion, six hundred and ninety-five million. Reckoning the average length of a pin at one inch, the number made daily, placed end to end, would reach two hundred and thirty-six miles, or from London to Birmingham and back; or those made in the course of a year, placed in the same manner, would reach nearly three times round the world.

Now, to give you an idea of the gigantic increase in the demand for pins, I may mention that the number made daily at the present time is reckoned to be at least fifty million, which in a year gives a total of fifteen billion, six hundred and fifty million, a quantity of which neither you nor I can form the slightest conception. And yet, now-a-days, hardly a fourth the number of persons are employed in their manufacture which you would have found busily engaged in the trade many years ago.

How can this be? you ask.

To answer you satisfactorily, I should have to take you to see one of the cleverest machines ever invented, which can turn out three hundred perfect pins every minute, while it takes only one man and a boy or two to attend to ten or twelve of these busy little instruments.

And now let us see how pins are made. The brass of which they consist is first formed into wire, and in order to make it the right size it is drawn through several holes in a steel block, each hole it passes through being smaller than the previous one, till at length the wire becomes thin enough to cut up into pins. It is then wound round large rollers, made up into bundles and delivered to the pin-makers. But what a change we see now in the factory from what used to be! One little machine alone does more than double the work which ten persons used to do in days of yore. This machine first straightens the wire, a hammer then strikes the top part two or three times, forming a head; immediately after, a knife cuts off the proper length, and the pin drops down into a kind of trough large enough to let the body fall through, but too narrow for the head to escape. As the pin lies in this position, revolving files sharpen the point; and when it falls into the pan made for its reception, it is far more perfectly formed than the

most skillful workman in the world could have made it before the invention of machinery.

In the time of our grandmothers, the heads of the pins, which were formed of a separate coil of wire, never could be persuaded to keep long in their proper position, but would either come off altogether or move gradually down towards the point. But I am pretty sure you have not had many play you such tricks, and for the very good reason that it is part and parcel of the pin itself.

In order to give pins the silvery look they have when new, they are boiled in a preparation of tin, mixed with acid and other substances, for about two hours and a half, then sifted, and dried, and separated from one another. After this they are made up into packets, or stuck in rows on paper, ready for sale.

KATY'S "SPELLS."

BY ROSELLA RICE.

IT was a long, lonely afternoon. The train was not due until eight o'clock at night. There were three of us women waiting, and we had discussed every subject that we could think of; we had stepped across the track, and each one got a cup of tea, and we had made as home-like a little lunch as possible on our laps from the contents of our baskets. Then we had looked at the maps on the wall, and shown each other where we had all been one time and another, and still the hours dragged wearily.

Then Miss Tabitha said: "Come, girls, let's have a lesson in geography;" and she would look on the maps and call off the name of a town, or city, or river, and the one who could locate it would reply immediately. This was rather pleasant, and certainly was very amusing, and brought back the old lessons in geography that we had studied under the crab-apple trees behind the village school-house, years and years ago.

Miss Tabitha was our school-teacher. She had been away taking her vacation in the pine woods of Michigan among her aunts and cousins. Mrs. Hathaway and myself had been at Conference in the north part of our State, and were returning home, and there, within twenty miles of our destination, we were obliged to stop and tarry a long afternoon and evening.

Just at dusk a train came in on an intersecting railroad, and the passengers flocked into the ladies' room. There were old rotund men who carried baggage bigger in bulk than were their own portly bodies; brisk gentlemen in faultless attire, whose gloved hands only carried a small satchel and a cane; old women with seared faces; brakemen lug-ging in a lonely young wife's "next to the youngest," while she followed with all manner of odd parcels, besides the one at the breast; little children bundling along in every one's way, and families which looked as though they were transporting all their household goods, in arms, by way of the railroad.

Some sat down, others walked about, some drank

from the dubious little tin cup, some discussed routes, others haggled with the ticket agent, and others were driven away by the jubilant hack drivers. One little, tired woman, with two babies, cuddled them down in a corner with her lunch-basket and bade them remain there while she talked with the agent and looked after her trunk.

Something in her face attracted my attention. I could not tell what it was. Her sweet, red mouth, and large, brown eyes, and quick step seemed familiar. Had I ever met her? Where had I seen her? Who was that woman? After she came back and cooed over the faithful little ones, and answered their pretty questions, she opened her pocket-book and began to count her money. Ah, that look! I knew it! Just as soon as she bent her head over and put on that business air, I remembered the face of a good girl who had worked in our family several years before; she had married a saddler in our neighborhood, and gone to one of the Western States. I could not be mistaken. With a smile, I went up to the woman and reached out my hand with a, "Well, Katy!"

She knew the voice, and her joy was very gratifying to me.

"You dear woman, you! why I would have known your voice anywhere, bless you!" said she, and her sunny, brown eyes roved over my face, scanning every feature narrowly and kindly.

Then we sat down and talked. It was not long until the little ones fell asleep, and Katy was so glad to see me that she told me everything, just as she would have told her mother, and perhaps more freely.

I said: "I may never see you again, Katy, and I wish you to remember this interview, and if you don't mind it or think me impertinent, I'd like to speak very plainly to you, and I wish you would deal as candidly with me."

Katy assented, with a little flush, that spread over her face and made her look uneasy.

So, while we two sat cuddled down together, our heads almost touching, I said: "Now, honor bright, Katy, tell me something that I want to know. Tell me, truly, how you manage to subdue your old enemy, your temper, and bring it under control. You know we used to confer on this subject frequently in the months in which you ruled in my home."

"Well, I took your advice," said she. "I told John the day after we were married, that, maybe, for awhile, he'd find me a trial, but I meant to overcome my fits of ill-temper, if possible. He said that he would be patient and bear with me, if need be, and help me all he could. Well, I got along very well for a month or two, and then I began to grow fidgety, and every little annoyance seemed great, and, in spite of myself, I'd blurt out a cross word now and then.

"John would say, 'Come, come, Katy,' in a soothing way, but it did no good. I had the neuralgia a good deal, too, and we had a very meddlesome neighbor, an old maid, next door, and everything seemed

to conspire against me. Then I'd rally and get over it and be quite pleasant for a few days, but it would not be long until I would get mad again and say unreasonable things, and, really, I did begin to think that it was a pity I had ever married such a good, kind man and darkened his life by the shadow of my own.

"Things went on in this way for nearly two years. I had begun to grow careless about my dress, too. I would hurry on an old print wrapper in the morning, and sometimes I wouldn't change it for a week at a time. I wouldn't tell you this, only that you asked for the whole truth, and I know you like me, and mean well, and would be glad to do me good," said Katy, smiling right shyly and rosilily, but looking a good deal ashamed.

"Most surely, you dear girl," I replied, warmly.

"We lived in a small house at first, only two rooms and a closet; it was all the house we could get when we first went to Lebanon, and we were very much crowded indeed. We had lots of company; there was no end to the cousins, and second cousins, and old neighbors, and his friends out in the country, and his employer's friends, and there we were packed in among boxes, and barrels, and trunks, and furniture, and, try as I would, I couldn't keep things in good order, and you know that tries a woman's patience the sorest.

"I had to put w beds up in one room, and that annoyed me. John made a light frame of scantling, though, and stretched cheap muslin over it, and I paped that, and we had it put between the beds like a partition, extending half way. One time a couple of young men came out on a hunting expedition, cousins of John's, and, of course, they put up at 'Cousin John's,' bag and baggage, to stay a week and have a good time.

"Emily, there, was only sixteen months old, a puny, little, colicky creature, always nestling in my bosom, day and night. I didn't know that child to sleep off my arm until she was a year and a half old.

"Well, those cousins would start off early every morning with their guns and game-bags, and they would come back just at dusk, tired and hungry, and after a hearty supper they would sit and recount their exploits, and tell of the fun and adventures they'd had, and they'd smoke and laugh, and were 'at home' in every sense of the word. At first I dressed their game. It added a good deal to my cares; and finally I told them I didn't like to do it. After that they did it themselves.

"One afternoon I had the headache, and towards evening the minister's little daughter came in and offered to carry Emily home with her while I would lie down awhile. That always relieved the pain, you know.

"There was a trundle-bed under one of the large beds, which was kept for times when we had more company than we could lodge conveniently; and because it was dark and quiet I crept in upon the little bed, and soon fell asleep.

"I slept so good. I knew the sick baby was in

kindly keeping, and the sweetest sense of peace came over me, and my slumber was deep and refreshing.

"When I woke, the boys had returned. It was twilight, and they had the lamp burning, and a good fire started, and the tea-kettle was on; and I was just rubbing my eyes preparatory to getting up, when my own name spoken made me pause and listen.

"She's nice-looking, Katy is," said one of them; 'but it's deuced hard getting along with a woman who is so highly strung. Why she snaps like pine twigs! How her eyes do flame out when she is mad! Now she would just suit me to a T if she was good-natured.'

"Inclines to be slovenly, I should say, too," said the other, as he lifted off the boiling tea-kettle.

"John's a good fellow as ever breathed the breath of life," spoke the first one. 'You can see that he's worried all the time. I noticed that he looks at her so strangely sometimes, so pitiful like. Poor fellow, wonder if he don't a'most wish he'd a' married little Julie Buchanan down at Pleasantville? You know he learned his trade with her father, and 'most everybody thought they'd make a match. Julie's the peach, I tell you! She's not as pretty as Katy, but then hers is a beauty that wears, while Katy's won't wash. She'll fade in no time, what with her eye-brows scowling, and her nose wrinkled, and her lower lip getting pouty. Indeed, it begins to hang already.'

"What would you do, Sylvest, if you were married to a woman who wasn't what you bargained for? a sloven and a scold? Eh?" said one, as he struck a match and lighted his cigar.

"Well, I'd do as Benny Jefferson did down at Belmont. He married a very pretty black-eyed girl from Maryland. She was out on a visit at Judge Swan's, and he married her without a long enough acquaintance, poor fellow, and he repented bitterly. Oh, she had a temper like the devil! Why, one time she threw a book right into his face! He managed her, though. They lived together, maybe, two years, and then they packed up to go to the country-seat to reside with Benny's partner. He started his wife and one car load of goods, and said he'd follow after with the carriage. That was the last she ever saw of him. It is supposed that he took the other end of the road, went to California, maybe, or to Canada. She always tried to believe that he had been murdered, but nobody else ever thought so.'

"Served her right, I should say," said the other. 'Just what I'd have done. But what ever became of Julie Buchanan? Do you s'pose she cared very much for Cousin John? Did she fling her life away in battle with the Turk?'

"Of course she cared for John. What susceptible young woman, capable of appreciating a number-one fellow, wouldn't care for John, I'd like to know? But say, did you not observe," said the one speaking, 'how often John talks about California? I shouldn't wonder a bit if he did meditate something out of the

usual order of business. He's always reading about Santa Barbara, and wondering about its delightful climate; and, gosh! if I were in his place, and had his future before me, I'd lean out, so I would!'

"And there I lay, almost holding by breath; and, oh my! every word burned into my very soul! I could have screamed, 'My John! my John!' By this time my headache had left me. I crept out of the little bed softly, opened the front door gently and ran across the street over to Parson Hill's and got my darling baby, and came into the house flying, and those boys never knew that I had heard them. They thought I had been spending an hour or two with the minister's wife.

"Oh, I cannot begin to tell you what my feelings were! I was not quite myself. I laughed, and talked, and told stories, and was as wild as though I had tarried at the wine-cup instead of the trundle-bed. I even sang old ballads to the cousins that night, and my eyes sparkled, and my cheeks glowed, and my laughter was contagious. I was born anew.

"Ever since then, if one of my spells comes on, and I feel cross and snappish, and the unkind retort rises for utterance, I close my lips tightly, and I will not speak a word unless it is a reasonable and gentle word. You cannot think how grateful I feel towards those rude yet sensible cousins who came to spend a holiday week with John and John's wife.

"I did not tell my husband about it for a long time. I could not. But once when he praised me, and his dear eyes looked so tenderly upon me, I felt so unworthy that I cried right out and confessed the whole thing.

"He said: 'Those confounded loafing cousins! I've half a mind to cowhide them!' But I told him I'd rather he'd present them with gold watches or ivory-headed canes.'

Dear me! just as I was beginning to have my talk and congratulate my little Katy, we heard a prolonged t-o-o-t, t-o-o-t! and a voiced hailed out, "Passengers for Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad!" and all I could do was to kiss the dear, tried soul, snatch up a chubby young one, a basket, bird-cage and shawl, and fly out with her to meet the train that was to speed her away to her honest John and the pretty new home in the West.

Oh, I wish all the weak wives, faulty and fault-finding, and heedless of this blemish on the character of "perfect women nobly planned," could have had their heads down close to ours that afternoon! I tell Katy's story so poorly, and she told it so wisely and so well.

The dear girl, I loved her when she was mine, though I did so dislike and dread her "spells." Truly, she was ill-natured then; but it was her sole fault; she had no other.

We kissed tenderly at parting. She said: "O misses, do, do try and visit me and mine! Only say you will do it sometime."

As the laden train swept away from the depot, and and I saw her pretty face at the window, I hailed with a laughing adieu, "Shouldn't wonder!"

FEMALE COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

IN referring to the fact that the Pennsylvania University had opened the department of arts and the scientific school to female pupils, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says:

The subject of sex in education lacks the novelty which many of its modern disputants have assumed. It was discussed by Madames Dacia, De Stael, Recarnier and other brilliant women whose names have adorned French literature since the times of Blanche of Navarre, and by their English and German sisters. The argument can be found far back in Greek and Roman records, and is not absent from the pages of Egyptian and Sanskrit. The tenor of modern culture has conceded the intellectual equality of women with men; and though at some times this equality has been limited by some writers to *belles-lettres* and the arts, every year has increased the numbers of those who, pointing to the distinguished attainments of Caroline Herschel, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Somerville and others recalled by their names, in philosophy and the exact sciences, have maintained that, with equal training, women may equal men in every department of intellectual exertion. The demonstration has not been more complete because the preliminary training has been so insufficient. A boy's education begins with his infancy, and is not only pressed with his growth, but assisted by the most complete aids through academies, colleges, universities and professional and scientific schools to manhood. A girl's education has been confined to a very moderate supply of practical and solid tuition, and chiefly devoted to the elementary and ornamental branches. Public opinion has consented to this. And yet, despite this consent and the imperfect tuition attainable anywhere, and domestic cares and social demands, both literature and science are inscribed with some female names among their brightest.

Recently the subject has been brought forward on a higher plane. Conceding that intellectual capacity which has so many proofs, it has been and is well argued that the well-being of the State, which demand some education for all, requires that that half of all in every land which has the custody of youth, which has control of social life, which affects and is affected by all that pertains to national and individual life, should be thoroughly educated to comprehend and to execute. The rights of the sex have been rapidly enlarged, so that now they can hold and convey property, conduct business, and, in some places, aid in making and administering the laws. This increase of rights and capacities has carried with it increased opportunities of preparation for their proper discharge. Now, not only do art schools admit female students, but they are admitted to the gymnasia, to the colleges and universities, to the legal, medical and philosophical and scientific courses of some of the best institutions of Germany, Great Britain and France. And though the concession is recent, it has been grandly improved with the most gratifying results. The concession won upon the broadest grounds has

been defended by reasons hardly less forcible. If the State requires the highest intelligence of all its citizens for its highest good, it also requires that as a defense against wrong, as a protection from pauperism, as an aid to its productive capacity and a contribution to general happiness.

The testimony of time, the convictions of the ablest in the most advanced modern States, the interests of the sex which is efficient in public and private life everywhere at all periods, and the practice in leading European countries, and in some portions of our own land, all justify the action of the University of Pennsylvania in opening the department of arts and the scientific school to female pupils. This action enables young ladies to pursue their studies in chemistry, history and physics with every advantage their brothers enjoy, under the same distinguished professors. Cornell and Harvard, and some other colleges and universities for youth, had done this previously. Others are considering kindred action; and, perhaps, before long, co-education will be as usual as it has been rare, and women will carry into science that quick perception they have shown in art, and many will show the capacity a few have demonstrated, and the State will more than double its power and welfare. Probably no one of the higher institutions now available by young ladies offers them greater inducements than the University. Philadelphia is, by its climate, its accessibility, its low costs, its high moral tone, its large literary and scientific constituency and the numerous establishments in which various branches of physics can be practically observed, better suited to attract female students than any other city. The University, recently provided with the finest building in the country, largely endowed and equipped with a most able faculty in every department, and enjoying a very high reputation for the thoroughness as well as the breadth of its instruction, is worthy of the city in which it is placed, and its diploma guarantees merit.

With these various and strong reasons for the action of the trustees of the University, we apprehend that that action only needs to be known to be immediately and largely improved, not by Pennsylvania and bordering States only, but by the residents of every State who seek to give their daughters the highest advantages for culture, improvement and usefulness.

It is said that eyes that are brown or dark-colored are weaker and more susceptible to injury, from various causes, than gray or blue eyes. Light-blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension which the eye can sustain.

A WOMAN may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the loveliness of an Armida; but—melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make her home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her.

OLD MARTIN BOSCAWEN'S JEST.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES,

Author of "Wearithorne,"

AND EMILY READ,

Author of "Aytoun," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

As a leaf floats on the mill-stream,

Love is light;

As an apple ripe to falling,

Love is firm—

As a golden-rosy apple, fair and bright,

And deep within its heart the canker-worm,

So love is firm.

As the wind sighs thro' the corn-fields,

Love is soft;

As it shrieks o'er naked common,

Love is cold—

For the wind that turns the mill-sail, changes oft,

But love—love changes always, from of old—

So love grows cold.

IT is a sweet voice: Austell knows it well, though not the Breton words it chants. It comes to him in the deep-sunken lane, down from the pasture where Ninorch is keeping sheep this afternoon, having let the little herdswoman away to the leur-nevez, the festival of the new threshing-floor upon a neighboring farm. The voice floats hither, and leads Austell up the bank, and through the hedge-row gap, across the common, waist-deep in the broom that spreads away until on yonder hillside it shifts and shimmers in the breeze like distant golden mist. Half-buried in it, the girl sits leaning back against the birch that overhangs the brook, and sings:

"The wind that turns the mill-sail, changes oft,
But love—love changes always."

He does not know the words; but the air, the voice, have a melancholy cadence not hard to understand. Austell quickens his pace.

"Ninorch."

She has not heeded his brushing through the broom, any more than she heeds the rustling motions of the sheep, as they browse to and fro, in white or dusky patches through the yellow bloom. But at the call, she starts, and puts up her hand with a hurried gesture across her eyes. If they were wet, could Austell tell, when she smiles up at him with that sudden brightness like sunlight breaking through rain?

"How you startle one, Messire Austell!"

He does not answer. He has thrown himself down on the bank beside her, and falls to watching, moodily, the tiny trickle of a stream, that pushes its way through weed and fern, now hurrying gayly across an open space, and again wearily lifting dripping leaf or moss-tangle out of its path. Ninorch gives him a side glance, and goes on with her lilt,

only changing to an air that has a sort of reckless gayety in it. It sinks to a mere hum, by degrees; and, as if grown restless, she falls to plucking at the meadow narcissus and the daisies starring the bank, and twists them together with long tufts of chenille moss; her eyes all the while beyond them, in that outlook which shows the thoughts are far away. But Austell's eyes, as he leans on his elbow in the ferns, have left their watching of the brook, for her. The sweet, low voice has made a pause just now; and he says to himself, in English, although half aloud:

"—I nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery song.

"And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah, woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side."

"What is it you say, messire?"

He rouses himself.

"Only that I have been dreaming, Ninorch."

"It must have been a startling dream, to have changed you so."

"Not the dream: the awaking."

"But who has awakened you? I can tell you, Messire Austell," she turns round on him with a light laugh, "you are like the naughty children, you are far best when asleep. Since you have been awake, there are only grim looks. Do you know you have hardly smiled this week?"

He does not smile now. Perhaps he does not hear: he has sunk back into his moody attitude. And then a sudden, eager change comes over the girl; a breathless, voiceless inquiry in look and gesture, as she leans slightly forward. But at some unconscious movement of his, she takes back her mocking smile, as one would re-adjust a mask.

"You used not to weary in a month at Kermartin. But this one week—"

He passes his hand hurriedly across his brow.

"Ninorch, you cannot doubt that I love you."

"Better than you ever loved my Cousin Madelon?"

"Why should we drag her name in, you and I?" he says, with effort. "She has been dead to us for nearly seven years; let her rest so now."

"With all my heart," answers Ninorch, and gives a playful shiver, as she laughs. "I do not like ghosts, I. They are sure to have more or less grave-mould trailing to their garments, and the touch of their hands must chill one to the heart. But you, messire," stretching out her own hand and laying it lightly on his arm, "you look grave enough to find them quite congenial."

That passing touch might have been of ice, for all the warmth that comes into his face at it.

"Let me congratulate you on a merry heart, Ninorch, and hope that it is one which will go all the day. For myself—it is only the first step that costs, the saying is; and perhaps when I have trodden down my conscience a little—"

The girl puts up her red lip.

* Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by MARIAN C. L. REEVES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"Ah, bah! if my Cousin Madelon were a woman all kneaded of graces, instead of the little, unformed creature I fancy her from what you have let fall—"

"That is not like you, Ninorch," he interrupts her gravely.

"But have I not told you that I do not love ghosts?" Her light laugh grates on him. "Did you not think she was dead? What right had she, then, to come back? Ghosts have no business with life any more; they are never welcome. Time cannot stand still for them; while they are sleeping, we must be living our lives, and loving our loves."

He looks at her strangely while she is speaking. He does not answer her for some long moments. During these, there comes a rustling through the broom upon the streamlet's farther side, and a gray colt that knows the girl's soft hand stands wistfully a-gaze at her across the water. Half-mechanically, Ninorch holds out her gathered weeds and grasses, luring him over; and she puts up her hand against the shaggy mane, as Austell says, with an abruptness that is almost sharp:

"Ninorch, is it true that you love me?"

Such a tangle in the unkempt mane! She threads it out through slow, soft fingers, turned quite away from Austell in the pause before she speaks, and looks round, flushed, but altogether calm.

"I understand. You wish to learn which of us two weak women best could bear your loss. The question need not hamper you; I fancy I shall be able to bear it as well as Madelon; and I have no doubt Madelon would as well as I. So, you see, you can make your choice; you stand between barley and oats," she says, catching at the homely adage from the colt that now begins to nibble at her tuft of grasses.

Austell has risen as the mocking voice goes on. He says, angrily, when it stops:

"You have put your own interpretation on my words. For me, I should never have thought of insulting either you or your cousin by a question with such meaning. But you have answered my question."

"Answered it?"

He gives a short, hard laugh.

"Clearly enough. A woman does not think scorn of a man and love him, too."

She does not speak. She sits there with averted face towards the colt still nibbling at the herbage she is holding out to him with a steady little hand.

Austell stands looking at her in the silence. His anger deepens with every instant that he watches her figure in its careless pose. Her face he cannot see, until at an impatient movement from him (she hears the grasses stir, and thinks he is going) she turns it round on him.

If he has fancied the pause filled up for her by any emotion preventing speech, he is undeceived by his first glance. Although neither that glance, nor another and a longer one that follows it, explains to him the heightened color, the eagerness in the wide,

brown eyes, the faintly dimpling curves about the mouth, like dawning smiles.

"You are angry with me, Messire Austell; and that is very convenient to you, for now you can go back to your little Madelon, and cry a good *Peccavi*, and be forgiven."

He does not answer her. He is too incensed. He stands there before her, not looking at her, but on the ground, as he leans with folded hands upon his pen-bas—as dark a cloud upon his brow as might have impelled him to use the pen-bas otherwise than as a staff, had that mocking voice not been a woman's. It is going on, after the briefest pause:

"And so your dream will be well ended, and you will soon be saying to little Madelon, as I told you once all lovers do: 'I have never loved any one but you.'"

He answers her in a low, suppressed voice:

"I will go to Madelon. But I shall tell her the truth."

"And that is?"

He looks full at her now. There is a dark fire in his eyes, before which she cannot keep herself from flinching. But after that one quiver of her lids, she meets his gaze.

"Why do you wish to hear it again, Ninorch? It is not to-day you learn for the first time that I have been a traitor to her, and have loved you."

"But why should you tell her all that? Unless indeed, you mean she should set you free to come back here—"

He interrupts her sternly:

"It is well for us to understand each other at last. I am going to Madelon in good faith, not in mockery. Whether she will receive me, that is at her option. But if, as I cannot but believe now, I have wronged her all these years, I must have no thought but that of righting her."

Certainly, the girl could never have loved him. Her color has not faded at those words of his. Only, she bends her head, plucking at the turf as if intent on gathering a fresh handful.

As for Austell, he watches her a moment in silence, before he says:

"Is this our parting?"

"That is for you to decide," she answers, dryly, without moving.

"I was not questioning the parting, but the manner of it. It seems to be a light thing to you, Ninorch; but you cannot think it is to me."

"Why do you go, then?" she asks, in the same tone.

"Because for one long week I have tried what it is to live down honor."

"Go, then, if you love honor more than me."

"Is there a woman who would not that her lover should?"

She does not answer. She has turned pettishly aside, leaving her seat for a kneeling posture on the mossy, gnarled root of the oak, which lifts her to a level with her dumb friend standing near, and apparently engrossing her attention. Suddenly, she

lays her round, soft arm, from which the sleeve is falling back, across the animal's patient neck, putting her face down on it. There is something in the attitude, at which the last spark of Austell's wrath dies out. He stands irresolute; then speaks her name aloud:

"Ninorch—"

"Eh, but why should there be any more words about the matter? You are the master to go or not," she says, not stirring, save with another pettish movement of her shoulders.

"I am glad the matter is of so little consequence to you," he says, in a tone the bitterness of which contradicts his assertion. "And so, farewell."

"Farewell," she answers, without moving.

He has turned sharply from her, crushing his way back through the yellow bloom, where the sun is slanting now with level rays as yellow. He has gone half across the field, when, with an impulse he cannot resist, he stands still for one last glimpse to carry away with him. One last glimpse, if it might be, of her face, even though it should only hurt him with its shallow-hearted—

Shallow-hearted?

The girl has moved; she has lifted her head, leaning on her arm, and is gazing after him. And in the exquisite, tender face, a little pale, with breathless, parted lips, and in the wet, brown eyes, Austell sees that look which no man nor woman can see and mistake.

He goes straight back to her, as if that look had been a cry.

"Ninorch—"

She has risen to her feet, and stands with color coming and going, her eyes never wavering from his. Only, when he takes her in his arms, when he holds her fast there, she pales as utterly as she paled that day in the boat.

"Ninorch—"

It is all he says; all he needs to say.

Just once, he stoops to kiss the upturned face which lies so pale and still, with closed, white eyelids, on his breast. It is on those shut lids, that he kisses it.

"My darling, if the pain could all be mine!"

At that, a ray of color steals back to her lips, to her cheeks, up to her very brow.

"The pain? You mean to leave me, after all?"

"I mean to leave you. I mean to leave all my heart, all my hope, all my life that is worth living."

"Do you, then, care so much?"

"Do I?" His answer is one long look into the eyes that at first droop under it, and then return it with one swift, eloquent glance.

"I will love you," she says, under her breath, as if unawares the thought shaped itself in words. And then, startled by them, hot and quivering, she shrinks from him in her confusion, and he lets her go.

He lets her go, in pity for her confusion. His arms fall from about her; but he stands holding her fast with his eyes. And she, with a breathless questioning in hers, and a sudden change in voice and manner, asks him:

"You still mean to go?"

He groans.

"Do not you tempt me, too. It is enough to have to struggle against myself."

"Why do you struggle? Do you think the girl will be so greedy for the husk of love with the heart eaten out of it? If you go," she says, slowly, turning her face aside, "remember, I have told you already, if once you go to Madelon, and she rejects you, it will be utterly in vain that you come back here, thinking to find the Ninorch you left. So now you choose between the two."

She is standing under the oak, and she leans against it in an attitude of quiet waiting, her head thrown slightly back as it rests against the trunk. The golden sunset is full in her face, and brings out all its charm of outline and coloring, as with loving touches.

There is a simple Breton verse that tells how maidens bloom out in God's glance from the height of heaven, as the wild roses under the sun's shining in the forest of Comana. This girl looks as if she had blossomed in the sunniest of sheltered glades. A wild rose, but so fresh and bright, and with such native grace—

There comes a sudden pang to Austell, remembering that other, the poor little wildling of the same stock, nipped, and chilled, and frozen up in its hard, unlovely bud, by "the winter of our discontent" with her. If Madelon had had the same free air and loving sunshine—

But, no; it is only for an instant he can fancy the two might have been alike. And Ninorch does not leave him much time for fancies. She is glancing at him from under the long, sweeping curve of her dark lashes.

"Are you weighing us against each other? On which side does the balance dip? I remember seeing a French print once, where love was thrown into the scale; there was a butterfly in the opposite one, that far weighed down the little Love."

Her tone jars on him.

"Ninorch, if I have wronged that poor child—and I think she would never have come back, after all these long years, unless it had been so—it would be cruelly the most monstrous to leave her appeal unanswered, and not go to her. Your woman's heart surely could not counsel that."

"My woman's heart!" she answers, with a shrug.

"My woman's heart might chance to ache a little for myself—and you!"

The last words she says, lifting to him that swift, bewildering smile at which he forgot all else, that day when she leaned towards him in the boat.

But he resists it now. He looks resolutely into her eyes.

"If you love me, Ninorch, your heart would ache less for my pain than for my baseness, were I now to yield."

"It has been but a week," she says, "since you did yield."

He passes his hand over his eyes, heavily, shutting out some vision.

"Yes. For one wild hour in that boat, I was as a reckless mariner who drifts on and on, led by a syren voice, forgetting all things in a smile. But you," he says, abruptly, turning to her; "you, who are no mocking syren, but a woman, would not have your lover say again to you, deliberately, what in my madness I said then—'I have bartered my conscience for your love.'"

Is she no mocking syren? Is she a woman parting from her lover, with the color brightening in her cheeks, that light in her eyes, that smile only half hidden in the dimples round her mouth? It is a strange response she makes to Austell's earnest speech:

"Whether you say it again or not, I prophesy that the very appointed hour of meeting which should find you with Madelon, will find you with me."

He does not answer her. He only looks at her as if he could not have heard her words aright. And she gives a little defiant smile up at him, and repeats them.

"No," he says to her, slowly, his eyes fixed on her face. "You *are* a syren. You have a syren's face and voice; you have the syren's heart to wile a man to that worst destruction, the drifting to dishonor. But I am safe from drifting, for this one moment. And, by God's help, I mean never to see your face again, after this moment that we part."

"This moment that we part? But you are not going back to England at once? The letter did not say Madelon would meet you so soon. There is more than a week yet."

He smiles bitterly.

"Nay, though I am out of the whirlpool, and drifting no longer, I am not mad enough to dally on the edge."

"But the suddenness—and Mother Mari—"

"I shall write to Madame Cosquer from Châteaulin," he says, with an abruptness which shows how irksome to him are the details, as they will be to one who is bracing himself for one strong effort. "I shall walk over to Châteaulin at once, and so on to Port Launay, to take the boat for Brest. There is room enough somewhere out of Brittany and England to spend the intervening week. Madame Cosquer will forgive— But what is the use of words now?" he breaks off. "There is only one word, Ninorch, remaining to be spoken, and that is—adieu."

He is putting out his hand to her; for though he keeps fast hold of his resolve, who could retain anger, only glancing into the girl's face? It is so beautiful, so brilliant, with a smile just held back from flashing like sunshine over it, as she looks demurely down, and lays her hand in his.

"And it is all nothing to you—my love and my pain," breaks from him, hoarsely, in spite of himself, when he has looked down into her face a moment thus, keeping her hand in that loose clasp.

At that, she flashes a glance up at him.

"Why should I make a pretense of grieving?"

When I know—I know—this is no parting in reality. When I know that in that hour when you should be with Madelon, you will be with me."

He drops her hand. He turns suddenly away from her, without a farewell word. He does not look back, nor answer, when, standing there looking after him, with that smile just quivering on her lips, she calls it softly aloud for both.

"*Au revoir!*" is what she says. "*Au revoir!*"

He does not look back, nor pause, nor answer, save that he puts up his hand with a swift gesture of denial. And then, with lowered head, he swings himself heavily down through the gap in the hedge, into the lane below.

Ninorch makes one movement as if to follow, when he passes out of her sight. And then she checks herself, and turns softly away.

The tears are raining down over her smile, that is now only a quiver of the lips.

"It is hard," she is saying to herself—"hard! But what other way was there?"

"He is gone!" Ninorch is saying under her breath, as, in the dusk, she stands before the bee-hives and unties the scarlet riband that binds the little silver cross about her throat. She is knotting the gay pennant round the straw thatch of the midmost hive; and she stoops down, whispering again, as if she would tell it to the bees, whose home she decks out with the signal of rejoicing:

"He is gone!"

(To be concluded next month.)

LIFE-AIMS.—Every one should try to better his condition if he can. The poor man should try to increase his means; the sick man to improve his health; the ignorant man to acquire knowledge; and the foolish man to get understanding. In such matters, the great question is whether the desired improvement is within our reach. To long for what we cannot attain, or to grieve because it is unattainable, is simply to play the part of the child that cries for the moon. Let us know ourselves and our position. Let us know what we have and what we want; and let us next inquire whether what we want can be got by striving for it. If it cannot be got, let us think of it no more, or endeavor to compensate for the want in some other way. A short man may wish to be tall, but he cannot add an inch, any more than a cubit, to his stature. He may, however, be a very worthy and respectable man for all that, if he conducts himself with propriety and simplicity, and does not, as short men sometimes do, render his diminutive size more conspicuous by conceit and affectation.

Most people are apt to give credit for wisdom to those, not whose views are on the whole most reasonable, but those whose common sense consists in common notions, and who are free from all errors except vulgar errors.

MY PRAYER.

I'M not a cock-sparrow with a nest in a waterspout, and my half-dozen young ones tucked up warm in amongst hay, and wool, and hair, with a new suit o' clothes growing out o' their skins—best o' quality, best o' fit, and certain to come again regularly every year at moulting time. Victuals, too, in plenty waiting to be fetched from hundreds of doors in the shape of crumbs.

No; I'm not a cock-sparrow; but, 'pon my word, I've been ready sometimes to envy the birds hopping about in the gutters when I've been down, and stood in some quiet corner off the noisy street, listening to their chirping and twittering. They've seemed so different to me, and to have such an easy time of it. No rent to pay; no need to trouble themselves about anything; only got to take a peck here and a peck there, and then find a corner where the wind don't blow, tuck your head under your warm wing and then go to sleep.

You see things had gone hard with me for a long time. Some people who are given to talking a great deal and thinking a very little, say that a man has only to be industrious to get on. If ever there was a mistake, it's this, and for the simple reason that for every bit of work that wants doing there are half-a-dozen men waiting to do it, although it's only enough for one. I'd tried as hard as any man could try, but it all seemed thrown away, that trying of mine, and it used to be quite a matter of course for me to go home and find the wife looking pale, and trying very hard to make believe that there was nothing the matter, when all the time there had been some upset while I'd been away.

Now it was the landlord who had been to say that we must turn out. Another day one of the little ones—Dick that was, little curly haired chap—had run his head against the saucepan of water his mother was taking off the fire, and was scalded horribly. Only a week had gone by, and I went home to find Tilly down with measles, and for the next month I'd only got to go home and find first one and then another down, till we had a regular sick house, and all the time me out of work.

They say it never rains but it pours, and so I found it. We'd hardly got the last one through the sickness, before poor Polly slipped on the stairs, fell, and that night I came home light-hearted and happy, as I hadn't been for months, to find my poor girl lying down and looking very white and drawn of face.

"Why, Polly," I says, "what is it now?" and I ran to the bedside, and got hold of her hand as it lay on the counterpane.

"Nothing much, Dick, only I feel a bit faint. I slipped on the stairs—better soon."

She said no more, for all her time was taken up with trying to keep her poor face from working, and contriving to hide from me the agony she was in.

It did not need that, though, for, as I told you, I took hold of her hand, when a horrible, sickly sensation came over me, the room swam round and the great drops of perspiration stood on my forehead,

because of the pain I knew I must be giving her, as the arm I lifted came up in a strange, awkward way, making me, in my horror, let it fall directly back on the bed.

Poor Polly! and she trying to hide all her suffering from me, for her arm was broken.

"It might have been worse," she said, smiling, after I had got a doctor to come and set it. "It might have been worse, Dick," she said. "Suppose it had happened and you without work?"

For I had been telling her of my luck in getting taken on a job of road-making, but seeing how weak and ill she was, and in what trouble with pain, I hadn't the heart to tell her where.

I was a bit out of heart myself about where it was, and if she had been well, perhaps—I'm not sure—I might have told her all about; but as it was, of course it would have been like poisoning her peace of mind, for my job was on the permanent way of one of the London lines, and I fully expected that a whole lot of my work would be in the tunnels, with the trains roaring by night and day.

I went on the very next morning, and it was just as I expected. Our first job was in a tunnel half a mile long, and about in the middle, where the way was a little sunk from the level.

Our party, which consisted of six, had picks, shovels and great levers, and we had, besides, four of those naphtha lamps—portable gas some people call them—same as you've seen used at fairs or costermongers' stalls in the busy streets; and in this fashion we walked early to the mouth of the tunnel.

There was one thing I couldn't help noticing about the men of our gang, and that was the peculiar dull, heavy way with which they moved arm or leg, while their heads seemed to be never at rest. They'd good call for it, though, as I soon learned, every man working at railway jobs having to divide his time in two, half being for the job on hand, half being taken up in looking out for danger.

We hadn't gone fifty yards into the tunnel, which got blacker and closer, and more wet and reeking with damp at every step, before I began to hear a dull, heavy roar. We were walking on the right-hand side between the metals, so as to meet any train upon the line, and my first movement was to step on to the other line—"four-foot" we call it—so as to be out of the way till the train had come by.

"Here, hold hard!" shouted the leader of our gang, and he laid a hand on my shoulder and dragged me back; for I hadn't seen that there was another train coming into the tunnel, and that it was dashing up swiftly, giving us just time to creep back in the holes left in the tunnel wall, like doorways, here and there, before it went by with a rush.

I couldn't help it—perhaps it was through it's all being so new to me—anyhow, I came over all of a tremble, and felt that scared I could hardly hold the pick I had brought with me.

What would Polly feel if she knew I was here? I thought, and I felt quite pleased that I had not told her what it was I had to do.

The next minute we were making on further into the tunnel; but we had not gone far before there was the loud, hollow roar coming again through the darkness; then, like a couple of faint stars, we could see the engine-lights; the word was given, and we got into the man-holes once more. Then the faint stars grew and grew till they flashed and glimmered on the wet brick walls—grew and grew till they seemed coming to burn us up—and then there was a roar and a flash, and the whole train was by, and we were all walking on.

It was very slow work, for there was a train about every three minutes, and we had to get into a safe place pretty well half a minute before it passed. Long enough, you'll say; but it was the custom with the men to get out of the way in good time, to be on the safe side; so that, counting both ways, I think seven trains passed us before we got to the place we were to begin.

To a new hand it was a dismal, cellar-like place; the air smelt burnt and foul, and as if the engines had used it up half-a-dozen times over, leaving only bad steam in its stead. Our lamps were hung up on iron rods we brought with us, and stuck in the six-foot way between the two lines, and there we stood ready to begin.

It puzzled me to think how we should ever get the job done, for it seemed as if we should be able to give about half-a-dozen strokes with a pick and then leave off; and ours was likely to be a longish bit of work, for the line had settled, so that what we had to do was to clear away the ballast, then with the long levers bodily hoist up a length of rail, and the wood sleepers it rested on, and shovel the gravel underneath.

Well, it was like this for hour after hour—just a few strokes of shovel or pick, and then the shriek of an engine, and its two bright eyes glowing in the distance, and seeming for all the world to me there in the darkness like the horrors of a fever or nightmare, or something of that kind. I couldn't get myself to think and feel that it was real. I kept expecting to wake up in bed to attend on Polly, or on one of the children that was sick. I couldn't, of course, make out what that hollow roar or those two bright, flaming eyes had to do with it, but there they were seeming to fascinate me; as they came nearer and nearer, the noise grew louder and louder, and then the train dashed by, seeming to take my breath with it, leaving me crouching close to the slimy wall, as if longing to force myself into it, till the ganger's voice roused me into knowing where I was with his husky voice and his "Get on, my lads."

How I got through that day I never seemed to know; but though I breathed freely when outside the tunnel, and took all the reckless jokes of my mates in good part, there was a regular load at my heart, and I could only think of going in next day with a sort of shudder, for I'd got it into my head that one of those trains would be the death of me, and the shriek of the engine, and the hollow roar of those coming and of those going away, rang in my ears till I got to my own door.

I found Polly very bad, though she wouldn't own to it. Her face was burning, and her eyes looked bright and unnatural, but she would have it that she was going on all right, and, in spite of the pain I was sure she was in, kept on talking cheerful till all the children had gone to bed, and then, poor girl, she broke down, and lay crying for her helplessness, with her poor, feverish head on my arm, and me doing what little I could to comfort her, which wasn't much. After a time she began to doze off, and I hadn't the heart to move her; but after about an hour she roused up a little, and I thought she was going to ask me for something; but she rambled off into all sorts of things, going back to our country days, and frightening me, for she began to talk of green leaves, and grass, and flowers.

That was a weary night; I had come home tired and almost ill; but there was no room for two of us to be ill then, so I nursed her as well as I could, and towards morning she dozed off into a quiet sleep, leaving me to think of what I had better do.

I was obliged to go to work, so the only arrangement I could make was to ask a neighbor to step in and attend to her, and six o'clock saw me with the ganger and his lot on the way once more to the tunnel.

Thinking of what I had left at home, I determined to fight down the feeling of fear I had on the day before, telling myself that I was a coward, and that the job was done by other men, so why should I be afraid. It was all no use, though, for, do what I would, every train that came by gave me a regular shock.

You see, the sitting up all night, after being fagged the day before, made me more unfit than I should have been; and what with wondering whether the doctor would remember to call, and our neighbor to go in, and the children to do all I had told them, I often got into such a muddled state that it was like being wakened out of sleep when the ganger called to us to stand aside.

It was the custom there to work very slowly and easily, or else I'm sure they would have had something to say about the sleepy way in which I handled my shovel; and over and over again a train was close on me before I moved.

I should think that it was getting on for twelve o'clock that, as I was shovelling away there, everything seemed to pass away from me, and I was back watching by Polly's bedside. My arms were busy enough handling the tool, but my mind was gone, and if ever a man went fast asleep standing up, I did then. Fast asleep? Yes, and dreamed, too; for I seemed to be telling the children not to make so much noise, for they were drawing something about in the next room. The lights were burning, and the place was very hot and stuffy, owing to the kettle having boiled over, and poor Polly's eyes somehow seemed to gleam with fever in the most unnatural way.

They frightened me at last, those eyes did, coming nearer and nearer to me as they did, till they seemed

to burn me, and I wanted to get away from them; only I told myself it wouldn't be kind if I did when she was so ill, so I stood and looked full at them for what seemed a terrible long while, till I knew that I could bear it no longer, and then, with a start, I woke to find that I was staring right at a coming train with the two glaring, flashing lights, and the thundering hollow roar.

Of course it only took a few moments, but it was like an age to me. And there's all that cellary-looking, slimy-walled place, and the naphtha lamps, and the ruddy faces of my mates, and me fascinated and forced-like to stare at that coming engine, burning, snorting, and dropping hot coals—that scene is all burned into my memory so deep, that I can never forget it as long as I live.

The ganger shouted, my mates yelled out to me, but I couldn't move; I could only stand staring at the horrible monster, which I knew must kill me the next moment, and then it came upon me just as I dropped on the ballast and lay half in a faint. There was a flash of light, the whizzing of wheels, the hollow, echoing roar, and I knew that, as I lay between the rails, the whole train was passing over me.

I've seen long trains, and I've heard of long trains, but that one, though perhaps only the usual length, seemed to take an hour to pass over me, and me thinking all the time of the coupling-irons that must come and dash my brains out. Then I thought I was already killed, and that there was no bodily pain for those who were slain, only the pain of thinking; and then I was looking at the tail-lights of the engine and the flaming naphtha lamps.

They picked me up, my mates did, and they were going to carry me out, when I shook them off and told them I was all right, making them quite savage-like that I should be unhurt when they had all made up their minds that I was killed. They all owned, though, that it was the narrowest escape they ever see, and the ganger took care to give me better notice the rest of the day. Not that I fell into such a state again, for the shock of what I had suffered kept me wakeful to a degree.

That affair seemed to have the effect of stringing me up tight; for though I have worked for days together—ay, and nights, too—in tunnels, I never seemed to feel afraid. I never told Polly, though, for, you see, what would be the good? It would only have made her nervous and kept her back from getting well, which took her long enough as it was. However, I won't grumble, for as she mended, things succeeded with us, and now our home's as comfortable a palace as a man can get for six-and-sixpence a week. Tunnel work ain't pleasant, but I've got about used to it; not so used, though, but that, as I said before, I shall never forget that affair—such a narrow escape as it was—and when I do think of it, and there's no one by, I tell you what I do; honestly, and with all my heart, I takes off my cap and closes my eyes, so as to be all shut in like to myself, and then I say a prayer, a very short one, but it tells all I want, and you know what's said about much speak-

ing. My prayer's a very short one, but it gives all that's felt by a man whose life was spared that he might go on trying to do his duty towards his sick wife and children; it's only just this: "Thank God. Amen"

LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

THE afternoon had grown damp and chilly, and as Mrs. Ashurst left the tenement house and cross old Mrs. Jones behind her, she sighed. Not a sigh of relief, but of misery. She had come to the conclusion that she was a failure; and this thought, which soon or later forces itself on most of us mortals, makes one of the saddest moments we ever have to live. There were no tears in her eyes as she acknowledged the fact to herself, only her heart felt heavy, and her step was listless. It is hard to be a failure at twenty-four. Perhaps later the idea grows more familiar; or is it that men and women come to know that it is a grand thing to come through failure sorry, but good; meek, but not cast down?

Mrs. Ashurst was the rector's wife, and she had been carrying some jelly to Mrs. Jones. Now, Mrs. Jones had probably expected beef-tea, or may not have been in the mood for jelly; but certainly she behaved ungratefully. She groaned out a sort of "thank you," but thought the jelly looked cloudy, and on tasting it pronounced it "queer." All efforts at conversation were met with a sullen resignation that was akin to insolence, and Tommy, the grandson, was openly rude.

No wonder Mrs. Ashurst's heart was heavy. She had been delicately reared, and by nature she would not have chosen the hard, practical side of life. She loved music, and pictures, and pretty clothes; so that all her sacrifices and her efforts towards hard work were the more noble. But to fail so utterly, after six years of steady purpose! Where was she in fault? She was too wretched to be just, and she blamed herself unduly; she was not earnest enough, she thought; perhaps she did not take the right way with Tommy and Mrs. Jones; maybe she might never do any better, and perhaps she ought never to have married Mr. Ashurst.

A drop of rain fell, and Mrs. Ashurst quickened her steps. She was still some distance from home. She wanted to save her car fare; but she was tired, and when the right car came rattling and jingling by, she hailed it impulsively, and got in. It was crowded, and no one offered her a seat. Her dress was very plain, only the graceful draping and the lady-like carriage of the wearer to save it from being common-looking. Her veil, too, was down, or maybe the sweet, tired face might have softened some one into offering her a seat—the youth in the corner with the remarkable neck-tie, for instance, or the stout old German who stared blankly through his tortoise-shell eye-glasses.

So Mrs. Ashurst held on to a strap as the car

jolted along, and fretted at the thought of spoiling her glove.

The car stopped, and two ladies crowded in with a rustle of silk, and a clatter of *châtelaine* ornaments, and bringing a delicate, faint fragrance of violets. The tortoise-shell eye-glasses and the remarkable neck-tie vied with each other in gallantry. Each gave up his seat and waved away any thanks, as if it were to him the keenest pleasure to serve a tired woman.

Mrs. Ashurst clung to the strap, and as more people crowded in she found herself close to these ladies. And now they began to talk. Evidently they were continuing a conversation begun before.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Brown," said one, "and she tells me they see nothing of their rector's wife—Mrs. Ashurst, you know. She was pointed out to me once. A very quiet-looking person, and extremely plain in her dress. Now, you see, a congregation like that expect their rector's wife to have some style; in fact, she should be the leading lady. Soup and flannel, and visiting the poor, all that should be left to the regular guilds, and Mrs. Ashurst ought to devote herself to more important things.

What the other lady replied, Mrs. Ashurst did not hear. Her face burned under her veil, and the tears sprang to her eyes; but, "Blank Street!" called the conductor. "Step lively, ma'am! step lively!" and he marked his words by an emphatic jerk of the strap.

Mrs. Ashurst hurried out, and walked the short distance to her house with weary feet. She had been discouraged before, and now she felt hopeless. She rang the bell, and Janet's cheerful voice greeted her with: "Well, ma'am, den, and the tea's been waiting these ten minutes. I had it early on purpose, knowing you'd be tired. Let me take your things upstairs for you, ma'am."

"Thank you, Janet; but I must go up myself for a few minutes. Can the tea wait a little longer?" She forced herself to speak cheerfully.

"Oh, yes, indeed; I's everything covered up."

"Very well, Janet, I shall not be long," and she turned away.

The fact was, she wanted a moment to rest and think; but her pent-up feelings broke forth as soon as she reached her room, and, laying her head down on her pillow, she cried heartily.

"I am very wretched," she thought. "I was never made for this life. Do all I can, they won't be pleased; and, oh! if I had only my mother. I can't bother Ned with this trouble. *That* is the worst of it. If I were one of the parishioners, I should have a right to lay my trouble before him and seek his counsel and comfort; but I know too well how much he needs comfort himself. I dare not trouble him with my petty cares."

Her tears fell fast. But this would not do; Ned must have his tea. Poor Helen Ashurst bathed her tired eyes, smoothed back her dark, wavy hair, and tied a scarlet neck-ribbon at her throat to brighten

up the detested brown gown, and to try to cheat her flushed cheeks into looking cool.

Her husband was standing by the west window as she entered the tea-room, and, turning, he said: "It will clear, Helen. The clouds are lifting, and there is one last sunbeam sent to greet you."

Yes, the rain had stopped, and the evening promised to be clear. Helen replied cheerfully, and began to smile. At first she had felt like keeping quiet and letting her dullness show, that she might receive the warm sympathy she longed for; but the moment her eye fell on her husband, her gentle, unselfish nature asserted itself, and she resolved to keep all her trouble from him. It was not long before she was listening with unfeigned interest to a description of a walk Ned had been taking.

After tea, as they sat together by the library table, Mr. Ashurst said: "I saw a great many pretty things, Helen, that I wanted to buy for you. Soft, pretty clothes like you used to wear at home when I first knew you. You are just as pretty to me in this old gown, my darling; but don't think that I do not know how you love such things. I often reproach myself for bringing you into this life; you are too tender for it, my poor girl. And now, since I can understand a little of it, and am not the blind creature you take me for, suppose you tell me why you were crying before tea."

"O Ned, why do you reproach yourself? Don't you think I am fitted to be a minister's wife? Is that it? Tell me truly, for my heart is sick with failure!"

"I know of no one so well fitted for the work, my Helen; but it is so hard, and seemingly so thankless, that I am often pained for you. And you are patient, my dear—so patient."

Helen's face brightened. "Now I am perfectly happy and content," she said. "I would willingly visit two more cross Mrs. Joneses and another ungrateful Tommy for the sake of such praise from you. We have so little time together, Ned, that I believe I was growing discouraged."

"And you are afraid to come to me with your troubles for fear of adding to mine. I have waited and hoped that you would give me your confidence; but you have written long letters to your mother, and have shut me out a little, I think."

"You had so much of your own to think about, Ned, that it seemed to me mean to distress you with my cares."

"Darling, I understand you; but shall we not try to help each other? Suppose you begin by telling me all about to-day."

Helen told him all; just how Mrs. Jones had found fault with the jelly, how Tommy had made faces at her while she was talking to his grandmother, and then how she had overheard the conversation on the car.

"But I really believe, Ned," she said, lifting her head from its place on his shoulder, and looking at him with her clear, dark eyes, "I really believe I was vexed because those two men let me stand when

I was so tired, and gave their seats so quickly to the women who were better dressed. And I know you are right about my liking pretty things. All that soft raiment and sweetness is more to me than it should be."

"I didn't mention that father was in town," said Mr. Ashurst, suddenly.

"Is he? Why didn't he come to tea?" said Helen, rising. "Is he coming this evening?"

"Sit down, dear. He has gone. He was out with me this afternoon. You see, he had some things to buy for mother and the girls, and he took the afternoon train back. That was how I came to see all those pretty things; and, Helen, I know you do not like presents of such things from any one, but I was telling father about how I longed for lovely things for you sometimes, and nothing would suit him but to buy you this." And Mr. Ashurst rose and produced from some corner a large parcel. "Open it," he said, "and tell me if it is what you like."

Helen untied the strings with trembling fingers, and a soft, black silk was disclosed. Another little parcel rolled out, and some yards of creamy, delicate lace appeared.

"Oh, how kind!" exclaimed Helen, gratefully.

"Then you are pleased?" said Mr. Ashurst, joyfully. "I really feared it might distress you."

"Not from your father, Ned. I did so fear that the congregation would be presenting me with something of the sort, and I know the little charity children with the blue-checked suits can't feel more branded than I do in anything presented by the parish. But this—oh, I am so pleased and happy! And now I can present an appearance which will not shame you!"

"I wonder if you know how pretty you are, Helen?" said the minister, recklessly. He was not much given to flattery; but how could he help it, with the pleased, glad face looking up at him?

Helen laughed lightly, and shook her head. She was as pleased as a child.

"I have not had anything like this since I was married, Ned, and that's six years ago. The idea of me being twenty-four! I'm getting old! Perhaps eighteen was too young to marry, and that is why I fail with the Joneses."

A sharp ring at the front door made her start away to conceal her treasures, and presently Janet's head was thrust in.

"Tommy Jones to speak to you a moment, ma'am."

Helen stepped out to the hall.

"Will you come in, Tommy?"

"No'm, thank you. Grandma sent back the dishes. She says the jelly was very good, after all. It must have been the medicine she had been taking that made it taste queer. She's sorry."

"Oh, that's all right," said Helen, kindly. "I will make her something else some day soon."

"Thank you."

He turned and fumbled at the door-knob, and

twisted his cap, and shuffled his feet, till Helen pitied him in her heart, and tried to help him.

"Is there anything else, Tommy? Anything your grandma wants, or you?"

"No, ma'am. Don't want nothing. Did you mind me making faces at you to-day? Didn't mean to make you feel bad. I'm sorry."

Tommy made a plunge to get out of the door, but Helen gently prevented him.

"Wait a moment, Tommy, I want to speak to you. I will tell you the truth about that. I *was* a little hurt at the time, and I cried a little afterwards; but I am happy now to think you were brave enough to tell me you are sorry, and I like you very much. I like boys always, but I especially admire a brave boy who is ready to say when he has done wrong. Shall we be good friends after this?"

Tommy was touched. He nodded without speaking, and then returned Helen's soft "Good-night" in a subdued voice which was not usual with him. "She's a sight prettier to look at than grandma," he thought, as he walked home.

Helen went back to her husband with tears in her eyes; but before she could speak, the bell rang again, and this time Janet came in carrying a graceful little basket filled with Parma violets. Instantly the room was fragrant with the dreamy summer sweetness.

"Oh!" cried Helen, "how perfect! how sweet!"

"Here's a note, ma'am," said Janet.

Helen opened it. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR MRS. ASHURST: This afternoon I saw you pass my window, on your way, I suppose, to visit that very cross and tiresome Mrs. Jones. I am really vexed to think how you tax yourself with these duties. I do not like visiting of that sort; but I suppose I like it quite as well as you do, and my conscience reproaches me for idly indulging myself while you are overworked. I won't offer to take more than Mrs. Jones; but if you will give her up, I will undertake her for you.

"Pray let us ladies of the parish see a little more of you. We need you, too, as well as the sick and poor. I will drop in to-morrow to talk it over. Meanwhile, to refresh you after your hard day's work, I send you a little basket of violets, which I arranged for you myself just about the time you were returning from your visit. With true love, I am yours,
ANNA BROWN."

"Well, Ned! Is this not remarkable? All my troubles were so heavy awhile since, and now they have cleared off completely. I am very happy. Do you know, I believe I will tell Mrs. Brown all about it when she comes to-morrow. Just how I felt, and how happy I am now; that is, if you approve."

"Certainly, tell her all about it. And, Helen, perhaps she is right about seeing more of you. Let her have Mrs. Jones."

"But, Ned, Mrs. Jones sent word just now that she was sorry, and Tommy almost begged by pardon. I could not give them up now when I may just be

gaining some influence. Perhaps she would take old Mrs. Armstrong. She is not so cross as Mrs. Jones, but I don't get on with her very well."

"As you will, my dear."

"O Ned, my husband, I thank you so for your

goodness and your sympathy. Having that, I need no more. I am so thankful and so happy!

Ned kissed the sweet, glowing face held up to his. And so, in Helen's day, the clouds lifted, and there was light at evening-time.

Religious Reading.

WORKING FOR OTHERS.

HUMAN society is so organized by the Divine wisdom, that we cannot avoid working for others, however strongly we may desire it. Whatever is done in any department of human labor is of some use to others, though those who are doing the work may be living solely for themselves. We are constantly reminded of this truth, as we see more of the results of the various occupations of men.

One of the best illustrations of this truth is supplied by the facilities provided for travelers. If we wish to cross the ocean, a steamship is provided, supplied with all conveniences and comforts for the voyage which human ingenuity can devise. Science and art are laid under contribution to make the passage as speedy and comfortable as possible. Experienced men are employed to take charge of the ship, who watch with ceaseless vigilance through the darkest nights, and brave all storms, to convey you in safety, while you sleep or read, or pass the time in social converse. If you were their dearest friends they could not be more vigilant to guard against danger, or more devoted to your interests. If you are sick, a physician is provided, and servants are ready to render you any service in their power.

When you land, carriages are in waiting ready to convey you wherever you desire to go; and strong hands are only too solicitous to convey your baggage and save you from every effort. Not one princely mansion alone has been constructed for your entertainment, but many; and so desirous are the inmates of each one to secure your company, that your only difficulty consists in choosing between them.

Having made your choice, you find servants ready to wait upon you. A room, or a suite of rooms, if you desire it, is placed at your service. And these rooms are often decorated in the most expensive manner, and made as comfortable and pleasant as possible. The larger your family, and the more friends you bring with you, the better they are pleased. Nor are they in the least desirous of restricting you in your requirements. The more you order the more you will gratify them. The largest number and the choicest and most expensive dishes and wines will be provided at your request. Nor are they in any haste to have you leave. The longer you remain, the better you will find the accommodations, and the more devoted the service.

But when you decide to go, you will find others equally desirous of serving you. Hills have been levelled, and valleys raised, and rivers bridged, at enormous expense, and an iron road constructed, and swift and powerful engines invented to convey you with great velocity from one point to another. Skilled men are also provided to take charge of them, and to look after your comfort and safety. Everywhere palaces have been erected and supplied with everything you might be likely to want, in anticipation of your coming.

This provision is not limited to any small section of country. It extends over a large part of the globe. If you wish to sail across or around a lake, you will find a steamer or a sail-boat, whichever you may prefer, provided and at your service, and men to show you the most beautiful objects. Railroads have been constructed at immense expense, even to the top of high mountains, to make your ascent easy, and to give you the best opportunity to view the mountain scenery. Indeed, it is hardly possible to conceive of a want which has not been supplied.

Such is the result of modern labor and thought, that the common people can travel thousands of miles, with a speed and comfort, and a retinue of servants which the most powerful emperor could not have commanded but a few years ago. And such is the vigilance and care exercised, that one can traverse the ocean, and pass over a continent with almost as much safety as he can sit in an easy chair at home.

But this working for others is not limited to this public service. It runs through all the activities and employments of society, and reaches round the globe. Millions of men and women are employed to provide an ordinary dinner. It would require many volumes to describe the arts, trades, means of transportation and employments which have, in some way, contributed to every meal. Indeed, all trades and all arts are more or less directly involved in it. The past has, also, been necessary to its preparation.

So men and women are everywhere, in all climes and in all ages, working for each other. The present is the fruitage of the thought and labor of all past generations, and the seed grain of the future. We might extend the view to other worlds. The angels are living and working for men. All past generations have not only labored, and we have entered into their labors, but they are living for us now, and working more efficiently than ever before. Their affections are sent forth to us, and the holy sphere of their lives, which is constantly increasing by their own advancement in knowledge and love, and by constant addition to their numbers of those who pass on from this life, acts upon us with more power.

It is a beautiful and encouraging thought that even the poorest man has such a vast number of helpers devoted to his service. How clearly it shows the wisdom and providential care of our heavenly Father. Whether men are willing or not, whether they intend it or not, He so orders their labor that it shall conduce to the common good.

But there is a dark shadow to this bright picture. It is sad to know that the great majority of men and women do not work for others with their hearts. Their primary purpose and thought are not use to others. They work for themselves; they render all these services with the hope and only for the purpose of receiving some reward for them; and their estimate of the value of any service is not the good done, but the amount received. So they lose the finer and more precious reward which the Lord desires to con-

fer upon all His children. By loving themselves they close their minds against the reception of the Divine bounty, and thus they lose the reward promised in the words, "Give and it shall be given to you, good measure, pressed down and running over."

We hear many complaints that men and women do not receive an adequate reward for their labor; and these complaints are too often founded in justice. But the very persons who make them will not accept the highest and most precious reward which the Lord offers them in as large measures as they will receive it. There is a vast amount of labor of the hands and of the head; there is much natural politeness, and even a servile manner and desire to serve you, but only for the money they hope to receive for it.

There is no wrong in working for wages. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." He must look after it. But the wages should not be the primary and

only motive. That motive makes all the service mercenary, and excludes the highest rewards. When men and women work from a desire to be useful, making that the primary motive, the whole spirit and form of society will be changed. The service we render each other will not be involuntary, as it is while we are looking to our own good, and seeking to get the most for the least. The higher as well as the lower class of faculties will be brought into use, and we shall work with our hearts as well as with our hands, and streams of heavenly life will be flowing from the Lord through us, enriching us as they flow through our affections and thoughts, and passing on to bless others. That will be a happy day for humanity, and it is coming slowly and surely. Every one who is working from these motives is ushering in that day for themselves, and helping its coming to others.

Mothers' Department.

HOW TO AMUSE THE BABIES.

BY J. E. M'C.

THESE little restless babies, from one to three years old, take so much of mother's time to plan amusements and employments. If left to hunt it themselves, it too often turns out that it takes more of mother's time to repair the mischief they make, than it would have taken to set them to work.

A box of tacks, a soft pine board and a little tack-hammer, are "a joy forever," to most little two-and-a-half-year old babies, whether boys or girls. It is as cheap a toy as you can well get for them, and if you are disposed, you can easily draw the tacks again with an old knife-blade or a screw-driver, and have them ready for use next day. I have seldom found a baby's interest give out, while his tacks held out. A little older boys can be advanced to a box of small nails and a few thin boards. I have a little one, who, since he was eighteen months old, has worked with a small hand-saw, sawing up old wooden boxes and cutting off pieces of lath, and even larger sticks, as handy as a carpenter. He is two and a half years old now, and can saw off a piece of board better than most boys of ten. His papa thinks he has "a call" to be a carpenter, but there is time enough to see.

He had watched with much interest the coal-man unload his wagon in the cellar, and contrived a similar play for himself. Mamma spread a crib-quilt on the nursery floor, and let him take the box of birdseed and shovel it up with his tiny shovel, sliding it down a shallow box-lid into another box, which served as a coal-bin. He would work at it by the hour, and call for his "coal" as soon as he woke up from his afternoon nap. A box of rice, of wheat, of peas, of white beans, buckwheat grains or anything of the sort will afford a baby hours of employment, dipping them out of one box into another with a spoon. If a little spread is laid down, the scattered grains can be gathered up in two minutes' time, and the place made all tidy again. It is as clean a play as you can give him, and will not soil the daintiest dress.

Study your baby's tastes a little, and adopt your treatment accordingly, and yet you will find that the taste is the most pliant thing in his character, and can be bent in almost any direction. A little time spent in planning his amusements, will save you hours of good working time.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

ON all sides we hear this question from thoughtful and anxious mothers, and there are many answers. Among these is one in a recent number of *Woman's Words*, by Lydia L. Whitman. She says:

Boys and girls at an early age should receive much the same training, but when they arrive at that period which is productive of original thoughts do not in the one case dwarf the ideas, and in the other allow them full scope. Many persons think it unwomanly for a girl to think for herself, or rather to hold herself at variance with any accepted opinions.

Now we think a woman *should* have decided views and be able to think and act for herself, she must be refined, and be taught to sew, and take care of her clothing, giving as much time to it as is usually devoted to novel-reading; then it is required that she know something of housekeeping and cooking, indeed a woman's domain extends over so much more ground than that of the other sex, her education and discipline must of necessity be more extensive; there is one thing, however, which is of so much importance, and, alas! so often overlooked—self-dependence.

Often in life is woman called (when least expecting it) to struggle for the support of herself and others, and she should ever be in readiness to fill such a position. Teach her, then, by all means, a trade, or instill management and other business qualifications.

Oakey Hall, a man not often to be quoted, was very prudent in this respect, not only with his sons, but his daughters, also; he either had them taught a trade or prepared them in some way for active business life wherewith they could earn a living. At that time he was possessed of large means and never expected they would be obliged to gain a livelihood; here he established a precedent that every parent having the welfare of their daughters at heart would do well to follow.

What shall we do with our girls? By all means let them learn to take care of and support themselves, and if they marry and are disappointed in their husbands, they will be able to put their knowledge to practical use, and be independent.

THOSE who come to you to talk about others are the ones who go to others to talk about you.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

JACK'S FOUNDLING.

JACK DAY was as happy as a king, ay, happier, for if we may believe all that is said of them, kings are not the most happy of mortals. King Richard, for instance, must have been very sad and weary, shut up, a prisoner, in that dreary castle, away from dear old England, after he had fought so bravely in the Holy Land, while his faithful servant, with heavy heart, was wandering from castle to castle, searching for him and singing that favorite song of his master's under the windows as a sign that he was near. John Lackland, too, his brother, was anything but happy when his barons made him sign the Magna Charta at Runnymede; and poor, weak, wavering Charles I. must have been almost broken-hearted when he bade his wife and dear little children good-bye before laying his head on the block and having it cut off. Oh, no! kings are not the happiest beings alive; great people have great trials, and little people have small trials. So, as Jack ranked among the last, we will suppose that his trials were small—small in the eyes of the world, which never will see folks' trials as they themselves see them. One thing that troubled Jack was that he had neither father, mother, sister nor brother, but had to live alone with his great-grandmother, whose childhood was so very, very far back in her life, that she had forgotten what it was like, and so she expected Jack to be as grave as a judge, as wise as a man, and as quiet as a mouse, in all of which he disappointed her. Oh, no! Jack was not at all like what Granny Day expected him to be, but was just a free, light-hearted boy, as merry as a cricket, and with as many tricks as a monkey, singing and whistling the live-long day when not sighing for some one younger, more prankish and lively than granny to brighten up home of an evening. It was only in the evenings that Jack felt this want, for all the day long he was out on the towing-path, in sunshine and shadow, on wet days and dry, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow as a driver with other hard-workers like himself. Poor Jack! he was only eleven; he began following the example of his great forefather early, and found thorns and thistles in his life on the banks of the busy river just as other people do as delvers and tillers of the soil.

Well, one fine September day, when the sun was shining with golden hues, and the flush and the glow of autumn lay on the fields, the woods and the wide, breezy downs, all young things rejoicing and making merry the while, as if winter were not hastening on, Jack was at his post on the banks of the great sweeping river with his favorite horse, that knew almost as much about towing and river traffic as Jack himself. Almost, not quite as much, so thought the boy, for he had a rather high opinion of his own skill and prowess in his calling. It was natural, for we are all apt, if we take any interest in our work, to see our own achievements in rose color, especially in our first setting out in life. I wish you could have seen him on the sunlit path, the late autumn flowers bowing at him, the butterflies peeping at him, the bees humming around him, the blue sky smiling—smiling as he tramped along just in front of his horse, his hands in his pockets, his whip under his arm, whistling till his cheeks puffed out like two rosy apples. His trousers were tucked up in a jaunty, independent sort of way; no coat adorned his back;

and his hat was bent and battered—quite a marvel with regard to fashion. Certainly there was not a bit of the dandy about Jack Day. On, and on, and on went the young driver and his brute friend—the very horse seemed glad to be out, and pulled with a will, turning his mute, soft eyes repeatedly towards Jack, as if to see whether he was as glad as himself. Oh, it was a glorious morning; a jolly life this towing up and down the river! Happy as a king! a king was never so simply happy as was Jack Day on that autumn morning.

But, lo! there, at the side of the path, sat a blot amid all this autumn glory and gladness—a little, tattered, dusty girl, with a very sad, weary face. Jack cracked his whip at her in passing in his merry way.

"Please, sir, I wish I was you," said the small blot, in a weak, piping voice, glancing across at him in awe.

"Well, in the first place, now, I guess I ain't sir any more than you are ma'am," grinned Jack, sending on his horse, which knew all about the rule, "jog along, keep moving," better than Jack, it seemed, and stopping himself to look at her. "And, in the next place, what would you do if you was me?" Jack knew nothing about grammar, we will suppose.

"I'd do as you do," was the prompt reply.

"And how's that?" queried amused Jack.

"Tramp along as if I was SOMEBODY, and puff out my cheeks, and whistle," said the small, tattered maiden, shyly, breaking off bits of grass from the bank.

"Whe-e-e-ew! and what next?" laughed Jack, thinking it would take a great deal of whistling to puff her poor, thin cheeks out, and in no way offended at the remark made upon his own.

"Oh, if I was rich like you, and saw a little girl sitting down here tired, and hungry, and thirsty, and everything, I'd take her home, and give her something to eat and drink, I would!" was the wistful reply.

"Rich! I ain't rich; I'm as poor as Job's dog!" cried Jack.

"Oh! I thought you was;" and the great blue eyes of the child wandered from Jack to the horse, and away to the barge, a great blot on the sunshiny river—as she was a small one on its banks.

"Neither of them's mine, you know," spoke the boy, reading her thoughts.

"And haven't you got nothing to eat, no more than I?" It was in a weak, sobbing voice she put the question, that poor, little, ragged mite, with naked, dusty feet.

"Oh, my! I've got a bit of grub to eat," replied Jack, scratching his head, and looking this way and that. "I say, where did you come from?"

"London."

"And where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"Well, your father, then?"

"Dead."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Dead." Poor, little, plaintive voice, and pale, tearful face! The boy coughed, and looked away.

"They're all dead, it seems," said he to himself.

"They are," spoke the girl, who had sharp ears, "and I was starving and dying, so I came out

here where folks have a plenty, and live ever so long."

"Oh! I don't know about the plenty—we country folk do as best we may; but I'll tell you what I'll do: you stay here till I knock off work to-night, and I'll take you home and give you a meal," so promised the kind-hearted boy. Was it an angel whispered the thought to him? Then he cracked his whip and moved on after his horse, pulling and tugging in advance of him as faithfully as if he, his young driver, were at his side, before the small girl could think it was true.

"I say, do you mean it?" she cried after him, in a moment, her heart throbbing with hope.

"Ay, I mean it," was his reassuring answer; then on and on he passed up the towing-path, and was lost to sight.

How slowly the hours went by to the hungry child till "knocking-off-work time" came, and Jack was at liberty to lead home his almost self-invited little guest to Granny Day.

"Here, granny, is a visitor for you;" such was Jack's introduction.

You should have seen granny peering through her spectacles at the small, ragged, dirty thing as she stood, timid and shy, holding Jack's hand.

"Well, I never!" and up went granny's hands in amazement.

"Well, I know she ain't no grand lady, but she's hungry, and thirsty, and tired. Granny, let her have a bit and a drop," pleaded Jack.

Now granny, old as she was, had not forgotten how to be kind and pitiful, so she invited the small thing to partake of their evening meal, then on the table. But first the two ladies dived away into the back kitchen, and then up-stairs, and finally appeared hand-in-hand, granny with her eyes like sunbeams, and her small guest very shamefaced, but clean, in one of granny's gowns, with a train as long as any court lady's. Didn't Jack laugh as he looked at the little guy! Didn't granny laugh—granny so old, so feeble and gray, who would never be young again! Didn't Lizzie laugh! Ay, the three laughed all tea-time! And Lizzie was to stay all night and sleep on a pallet-bed by the side of granny's bed, for to tramp far in that long gown of granny's would be an impossibility. As for her rags, the old lady burnt them after tea, while Lizzie wondered what would happen next.

On the morrow, Miss Eva, a small fairy who lived at the vicarage, and called the vicar papa, came to the cottage and laughed heartily at funny, long-robed Lizzie; but she went home afterwards and brought over some of her own clothes for the poor child, and, somehow, they settled it between them, that Lizzie was to live with Jack and granny.

So Jack had his wish, and a young, bright thing, full of fun, made home pleasant for him; and he never grudged his share towards her support. Grudged! Nay, he was glad, thankful that she was there, for in a few weeks trouble came. Granny broke her leg, and had to lie in bed long weeks and months till spring returned with its sunshine and flowers. Then she could only creep about on a crutch, and Lizzie was nurse and servant all in one, the very stay and comfort of the house. Poor granny would never be able to walk without her crutch again. What a good thing it was that Jack had brought home the small waif on that bright autumn day! She was the very light and joy of young Jack's and old granny's life, with her rosy, sunny face, helpful hands and nimble feet, here, there and everywhere where she was wanted.

Jack said something like this to granny, one Sunday, when they were sitting in the garden on a rude seat of his own contriving; and, for answer, she found out a text in her large-lettered Bible, and told him to read it: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Jack's heart throbbed with joy as he read; it seemed a simple thing which he had done, and yet he knew he had denied for himself many a comfort to help to provide for the little foundling. As he mused about it, he fancied the words came stealing on the breeze, gentle and low, almost like a sigh: "Ye have done it unto me." It was only the rustling of the leaves with the Sabbath stillness brooding over them; but Jack felt very glad, and glanced across at Lizzie, flitting among the flowers, gathering a posy, with something like awe. Presently he read the verse to the little girl herself, but she only blushed and looked startled, saying, in her childish way, that she could not help trying to make Jack and dear granny happy, considering what they had done for her, but that she did not feel like an angel. Happy Jack! Happy Lizzie! giving and taking, taking and giving. And happy granny, with the love of two such fresh, young beings to soothe you in your weariness!

The Home Circle.

OUR YOUNG GIRLS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER has been giving some sensible talks, which deserve the attention of every young girl in the land. She says:

"What better is she for education if she persists in stillness, and loudness, and obtrusive manners? Her researches among the treasures of science, and familiarity with the thought of genius, are of no value if they cannot furnish her with subjects for conversation more mighty than the gossip of society, the scandal of the day and the probable intentions of young men who never had an intention in their lives, and are not capable of one until their brains acquire more solidity. Her artistic accomplishments are absolutely worthless, unless they teach her how to beau-

tify and adorn her home, how to distinguish the false from the true, how to be in her own person an embodiment of that grace and purity and chaste beauty which the world worships in the marble and canvas of the old masters; unless they teach her a radical abhorrence of all the hideous distortions of fashion; of outward show, with inward untidiness, of tawdry ornaments, obtrusive finery and unclean trailing tatters. Of what avail is it that she knows every law of her own body, and can trace for you with scientific accuracy the working of every organ, and the linked steps of each wonderful process of life, if she lives in daily violation of them all, laying a murderous hand upon respiration and circulation, lunching at midnight upon fruit, cake and pickles, and dreaming unutterable things in a room with all the windows hermetically sealed?"

FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 9.

I WONDER if oak and maple,
Willow and elm, and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the day their leaves must fall?
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
Or of the crimson spray
That shall be, when chill November
Bears all the leaves away?

"If die we must," the leaflets
Stem one by one to say,
"We will wear the colors of all the earth
Until we pass away.
No eye shall see us falter;
And before we lay it down,
We'll wear, in the sight of all the earth,
The year's most kindly crown."

I cannot quote the whole of the pretty poem, but the trees are now "kindling into glory, and all nature looks bright and glad to-day." There is no soft haze yet—no Indian summer's mellow light to lend its tinge of sadness, and cast that peculiar spell over all, which subdues almost to melancholy, even while I love it better than any other season. The trees, if they mind the dying of their foliage, are brave and cheerful about it, and the birds which remain with us through the autumn are still singing in their branches. Cool, bracing airs come down from the hills, bringing strength and vigor with them.

Oh, for a ride through these glorious woods on a good horse, with the strength to rein and guide him as of old! I never felt as great a sense of freedom and independence as when mounted on a fine horse, with the woods before me. How many such rides I can remember in pleasant weather like this. Many of them are associated with one particular friend of my girlhood, who was oftener my companion than any other. How we used to sing as we went along under the old oaks, and elms, and cottonwoods, through the streams where the horses stopped to drink, and at some rustic spring where we dismounted ourselves, and mounted again from the rocks or some old tree stump. Past fields of waving corn, in whose fence-corners the alder grew and blossomed in the sweet June-time, or amongst broad acres of cotton, opening its snowy bolls in the early autumn. We made the woods echo with music and laughter, mimicked the bird-songs, and watched brown squirrels dart through the tree-branches; and talked bright, careless, girl-talk, of the present and future.

I wonder where that friend is now, and if her life is happy with the husband and little children who form her household band. I wish she might see this, and know that I was recalling memories of her. I lost her when my years were full of suffering and weakness, and hers of busy work. We drifted gradually out of each other's knowledge, but I never lose the memory of her bright face, nor of the affection her heart held for me—and does still, I hope—nor of the hours of both happiness and sorrow that we shared together.

Once, on just such a day as this, I rode through the autumn woods to that dear little cottage at the foot of the mountain which I once described, with my young soldier cousin at my side. He was not yet eighteen, but so manly and brave, so full of life and spirit. What a happy ride we had, for we had

not met since we were little children until this visit, and there was so much to say. He looked up to me—a little his senior—as boys of that age often look up to and admire girls older than themselves, and I felt a pleasant sense of dignity, and a cousinly privilege of giving him good advice and being his confidant. He told me his first boy love-scrapes, and pleasant stories of his life at home, and his rides over the broad prairies of his native State, bright as a rainbow with the varied hues of their numberless flowers. Our rocks and hills were a new revelation to him, and he looked with delight on the rich, changing foliage, so different from anything he had seen. It was a little later in the season than this, and the maple, and hickory, and sweet gum wore their brightest colors, and in some places the hill-sides looked aflame with sumach bushes.

When we reached the river which we were to cross at the end of our journey, the sky had clouded over for a little while, and a light breeze played over the water. Seated comfortably in the skiff which was to bear us over, I dipped one hand in the rippling waves, and giving myself up to the enjoyment of the delightful motion, and the rush of cool water over my fingers, felt as if I could glide with the current all day, and wish for nothing more. But the girls, who had espied us from the house, were waiting for us on the opposite bank, and we rowed swiftly across to the little mountain home.

When I had written thus far, a week ago, sitting on the gallery enjoying the cool morning, with my back to the gate to shade my face from the light, I was suddenly arrested by a light footstep behind me, and a pair of soft hands were laid over my eyes. So soft that I was not frightened (though quite startled at first), for I knew it was a friendly touch. Putting up my own to take down these unknown ones, my ears were greeted with a low, merry laugh, and the next moment I was clasped in Hope's arms, and Charlie was beside us. She had left him at the gate, while she stole in softly to surprise me.

Arriving the night before, they had come around to my little nook at the earliest possible moment, knowing I could not come to them at my pleasure, as others might. I knew they were to be married the week before, and come home soon, but did not know the exact day of their expected arrival; and Hope had purposely kept it from me, that they might take me by surprise.

Oh, how happy they looked! My heart went out towards them with tender love and sympathy, and was filled with thankfulness that they had been allowed to realize this perfect joy, who seemed so worthy of it. Hope expressed herself as delighted with her little house, which Charlie, with the help of one or two friends, had fitted up all ready for her. She is sure she can make it a pretty place when vines and trees have had time to grow. I had already sent a fragrant honeysuckle, which is beginning to make its way up a pillar of the portico, and some ground ivy and myrtle for the borders, which took root during the early fall rains.

Hope told me several incidents of her wedding, and the little trip they had taken before coming home; then, while her husband was talking with mother, she whispered what a comfort and pleasure my letters had been during the year of waiting, when sometimes she was so lonely, spite of her bright anticipations; for they thought for awhile their time of waiting would be much longer than it was. And how my words had impressed upon her the importance of the step she was to take, and had stimulated her to fit herself to be a good wife and true helpmeet.

They could only make a short call; and as they were leaving, Charlie took my hand, saying he had heard what a friend I had been to his little Hope, and he wished me to number him amongst those I valued most, and if ever there was anything he could do for me, I must command him.

This was very pleasant to hear, for I always wish to count the husbands of those I have loved dearly as my friends also.

They then took leave, exacting a promise from me to visit them at an early day—a pleasure which I gladly look forward to. I have no fears but that theirs will be a happy home, no matter how humble it may be, for love, and a mutual regard for each other's feelings and wishes, will govern it. The heart's true flowers will bloom there to brighten, and the fire of undying affection, more sacred and holy than the vestal flame, will keep the hearthstone warm.

ONE OF THE ECONOMIES.

I WONDER if Pipsey, in her domestic economies, ever tried my way of mending old stockings? If so, I do not recollect that she ever told us of it. It does not pay to darn them too much. It takes too much valuable time; and then the children do not like the mended places.

Save all the good stocking-tops of all sizes. Then, when mending-day comes, bring out your stock. Take two good tops and sew them together at right angles. To do this, you will, of course, need to cut a slit down the leg of one long enough to match the ankle of the other. Now neatly round the heel and shape the foot by laying another stocking over it. Ten minutes' sewing with a strong, double thread will make you a good, serviceable stocking, almost the same as new, except the seam about the ankle, which can be made soft and flat, so it will not hurt the tenderest little foot.

It was an "invention" with me; but I dare say dozens of mothers have used the same plan before me. Where the foot is pretty good, it is sometimes best to cut out a worn heel; and using that as a pattern, cut out of a thick, old stocking a new heel just like it, allowing for seams. This can be neatly sewed in again, in half the time it takes to darn one, and it can be worn with twice the comfort.

But, however you manage, make good, thick woolen stockings for the winter-time a cardinal point with the little ones, if their hats go featherless all winter. Many a mother begins at the head to get her little girl's winter outfit, and by the time she gets down to the poor little feet there is not much to spare for them. "It is in that way a cold comes in, and then a cough, and then a coffin."

ETHEL.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

THERE are points of every-day etiquette about which some persons are not as well posted as they might be, and who, in consequence fall into mistakes which, though trifling in themselves, are sometimes quite annoying. The rules adopted by common consent, which given in social intercourse, are for the most part founded on a just regard for the rights and feelings of others. They also serve as a protection against the improper intrusions of improper persons. *Harper's Bazar* calls attention in an easy and familiar way to some of these accepted customs. The editor says:

Take, for instance, the fact that a lady bows first to a gentleman on the street—an action positively for-

bidden to him—and you see in it the whole theory of the superior innocence of woman. A man keeps his place in society, and has the entrée of respectable houses, when, it is possible, his life has become questionable; the innocence of woman of any such conduct is asserted and maintained by giving her the right to say who shall be her acquaintance. It is a safeguard of society; if he chooses lower women he cannot have her.

And thus many things that seems trifling have in reality important bearings. Among these let us mention the circumstance that previous permission is needed before the introduction of the friend who may be walking with you to the friend whom you may meet, and that it is equally necessary to know if it be desirable to the other party; unless this is understood, the friend who is with you will walk on a few paces slowly, should you find it necessary to stop and speak. Of course, cases arise where this rule must be violated, but in those you probably know circumstances that warrant your taking the law into your own hands. Permission, however, is not needed at a ball to introduce a gentleman to a lady for a dance, provided that you have the right of introduction, probably for the reason that she is at liberty in that case to continue or end the acquaintance next day.

A letter of introduction is still more carefully guarded than a common introduction, for it is an indorsement, a recommendation, a trust. It should be asked only by an extremely intimate friend, and should be addressed only to one equally intimate. It is a piece of insolence to ask a mere acquaintance to give you letters of introduction. You put yourself under great obligation in accepting such letters, but you put the person who gives them to you under greater, for the letter of introduction, duly honored, causes the person receiving it to accept it in the place of the friend who has written it, and to afford you all the aid, encouragement and entertainment possible. A letter of introduction will, of course, be like any other letter; the date in the upper right-hand corner, the address the space of two lines lower, the opening paragraph beginning directly under the punctuation point of the address, the name and residence of the person whom it is written set in the lower left-hand corner on conclusion; on the envelope, if the letter is very precise, the word "For" not quite over the superscription, and in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope the words, "Introducing Mrs. So-and-So." When given at all, the letter of introduction should always be given to the person requesting it, unsealed.

Another of the small points of social usage upon which not half enough attention is bestowed in general, is the giving and taking of presents. Almost everybody likes to give; few are able to receive with quite so good a grace. In offering a gift one should act as if she really meant to give pleasure with it, and took pleasure herself in the opportunity, or even as if the receiver conferred a favor upon one in receiving it, and should let her enjoyment be visible, not as if she were throwing a bone to a dog, who might take it or leave it. On the other hand, in receiving a gift, one should not be in too much of a hurry to return it; if one only bides her time, the occasion will surely come; but on no account should one manifest a disrelish of the present, a dislike of receiving it at all, or a dissatisfaction with it; and whatever is the part of the giver it is not the part of the recipient to act as if conferring a favor in receiving it. To refuse a kindly offered gift is one of the heights of rudeness and vulgarity. It is not, however, in "good form" to offer gifts of great value;

they seem to impose the obligation of their worth, and presently, perhaps, if one does not care for the obligation, the necessity of returning their worth. It is better to give often and less; books, flowers, sheets of music, an atom of bric-a-brac, embroidery and articles of your own manufacture; game of your own shooting or fish of your own catching, if the giver be a gentleman; countless trifles that have cost thought, and which are more welcome to most than presents which have cost money. A young lady can receive no presents from any gentleman not a relative, other than the one she is engaged to marry, as it can easily be seen that the indebtedness it gives her is troublesome; but a married lady is at liberty to receive trifles of acknowledgment from gentlemen who have been her guests, or who may be under obligations to her husband.

HOPE AND PATIENTLY WAIT.

THERE is one thing harder than hard work to attain any desired good, and that is to patiently wait for it, after we have done our best. How often we feel what a luxury it would be, just to skip the intervening weeks, or months, maybe, and sit down at the goal. While we are working, the wait-

ing seems very tolerable, but when all has been done, that is in our power, how slowly the hours drag.

One remedy for this trouble is to have plenty of "irons in the fire." Have more than one set of plans on foot, some of which shall be constantly maturing. These will absorb your interest, and help to keep you cheerful while you are looking forward hopefully to the next project. The busy lives are usually the happiest. They have not time for fretting, and doubting, and fearing.

"There is nothing that succeeds like success," and nothing gives us so much cheer as to have a plan succeed. But over and above all the other helps to make waiting tolerable, is an abiding trust in the strong arm that guides the world. We save ourselves a world of anxious care by believing literally "that the very hairs of your head are all numbered." By remembering that "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Our plans will mature just as rapidly as He wills. We can but do our best, and leave the results with Him. A submissive, filial spirit is the only one which He will bless, and it is only in that way we shall find lasting peace amidst the world's disappointments and trials.

MARION.

Evenings with the Poets.

NOT KNOWING.

I KNOW not what lies before me;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He send me comes
As a glad and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread the days of the year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He has waiting,
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet—
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me quiet in those arms
Which will not let me go—
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on, not knowing!
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet, I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So, I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, "*He knows!*"

THE LATER PEACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

WE have passed the noonday summit,
We have left the noonday heat,
And down the hill-side slowly
Descend our wearied feet.
Yet the evening airs are balmy,
And the evening shadows sweet.

Our summer's latest roses
Lay withered long ago;
And even the flowers of autumn
Scarce keep their mellowed glow.
Yet a peaceful season woos us
Ere the time of storms and snow.

Like the tender twilight weather,
When the toil of day is done,
And we feel the bliss of quiet
Our constant hearts have won—
When the vesper planet blushes,
Kissed by the dying sun.

So falls that tranquil season,
Dew-like, on soul and sight,
Faith's silvery star rise blended
With memory's sunset light,
Wherein life pauses softly
Along the verge of night.

THE SILVER LINING.

THERE'S never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning,
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate;"
And the angels will be nearer
To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal.
There's many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

Temperance Work.

INCOMPLETE WORK.

IN a recent comment upon the great temperance awakening which, for a time, created so much interest in Pittsburgh, and resulted in a large number of signatures to what is known as the Murphy pledge, the Pittsburgh *Trumpet* says, that "in one of the iron-mills in Pittsburgh thirty-three men signed the Murphy pledge, and every man has broken it." In answer to the inquiry "why?" that journal affirms that it is "because temptation meets them on every hand." "These men," it says, "desire to lead sober lives, but the grog-shop is open on every corner, and in their weakness they are led astray." It adds: "Remove these temptations; then, and not till then, can reformed men walk the streets in safety."

Remarking on this, the *National Temperance Advocate* says:

To experienced and thoughtful temperance men and women such a statement as the above concerning the practical results of the so-called reform movement, will occasion more regret than surprise. To escape from the fetters of the drink bondage while obliged continually to face the drink temptation is an extremely difficult matter. To the truly converted, such as actually realize the sustaining power of the Divine Arm, it is quite possible. But to this end the conversion must be real and thorough; and those to whom the saving power of the grace of God has been manifested will find it needful to watch and pray continually, to take heed lest they fall.

The Woman's Crusade, the reform movement, the special efforts to enforce the restrictive provisions of the excise laws, in each of which, by turns, very considerable public interest has been manifested, have all helped to centre public attention upon the drink question, and each will produce its legitimate harvest of good results. But whoever expects that either movement, as a specialty, will of itself suffice

wholly to dispose of the drink question in a comparatively short space of time expects too much and is doomed to disappointment.

There are probably few who drink to inebriety who do not in their sober periods have, to some extent at least, a realization of their danger, and resolve to do better for the future. When a tidal wave appears, as in the Washingtonian or Murphy movements, in the midst of generous enthusiasm and surrounded by comrades and friends, it is comparatively easy for multitudes of such, and with the best of motives, to affix their names to the total-abstinence pledge. While the enthusiasm and the cheering fellowship last appetite is held in abeyance. But later, when both are gone, and old temptations have to be encountered under less advantageous circumstances, then comes the tug of war. It is in this after-conflict that so many are worsted.

Much stress is laid upon the value of the Gospel method of dealing with the drink question by many of the comparatively new recruits in the temperance reform. Its value can scarcely be overestimated. But the Gospel, applied to temperance, embraces not only the duty of reformation and abstinence on the part of the drinker: it includes everything—social, religious and political obligations in relation to the drink question, on the part of all. The true Gospel requires a conscientious dealing with the whole question in all its aspects. But this is by no means a new and an untried method. It has all along been faithfully and effectually employed by devout temperance workers, pioneers in the great reform. So, too, the effort to enforce law is but reproducing what has gone before, with results more or less encouraging. Spiritual and government forces must be employed conjointly and to the same end.

An important lesson for all to learn who would work effectively in the temperance movement is that

it is in its nature comprehensive and varied. While each special phase of it fills a useful place, each, as a specialty, is necessarily partial and incomplete. Whoever would construct successfully a commanding tower must build equally on all sides. The attempt to finish one side only will surely fail and the structure topple over. So the reform movement and other special efforts, good in themselves, will topple over, as at Pittsburgh, unless the individual conversion be thorough and complete, and all good citizens do their part, *as citizens*, to put away the drink temptation, in the presence of which the weak stumble and fall.

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

IN answer to a letter addressed to Hon. NEAL DOW by JOSHUA L. BAILEY, Esq., of our city, making inquiry as to whether it were true or not, as publicly asserted, that the Maine Prohibitory Law was a failure, and that liquors were openly and freely sold in the State, the following reply was received:

PORTLAND, July 31, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. BAILEY:—Your letter of the 27th reached me yesterday, and I take the earliest opportunity to reply. Ever since the law of prohibition to the liquor traffic in Maine was adopted, twenty-six years ago, it has been constantly asserted by men, impelled by interest or appetite, that the statute was a failure; that it did not in any degree diminish the sale or consumption of strong drinks.

A gentleman of Philadelphia came to Portland expressly to see for himself what the facts were. He stayed over night at the American House in Boston, and there, among many gentlemen, he heard a well-dressed young man talking with great vehemence against the Maine law, and asserting that there was as much liquor sold in Portland as ever, and as openly and freely as before the law. A Portland gentleman, sitting by, said: "Young man, I will pay your expenses to Portland and back, and will give you five dollars for every glass of liquor you can buy there." The young man excused himself by saying he had never been at Portland, but had heard that liquors were freely sold there.

First-class hotels generally have "Wine Lists" upon the extra leaf of their bill of fare. A first-class hotel in Portland has this notice on the back of its bill of fare:

"WHY WE DON'T."

EXTRACTS FROM THE STATUTE LAWS OF MAINE.

"For manufacturing intoxicating liquors, or selling the same, one thousand dollars fine; to stand committed until paid, and, in addition, six months in jail for each and every conviction."

"For having intoxicating liquors upon the premises with intent to sell, one hundred dollars fine and costs; to stand committed until paid, and additional three months in jail for each and every conviction."

"Said liquors may be seized whenever found, and shall be forfeited and destroyed, which is done by pouring out into the common sewer."

There is no hotel in Portland where liquors of any kind are sold, nor is there one such in the State, so far as I know or believe. A few days ago I was in Bangor, the second city in the State, and the city marshal told me there was no place in town where liquors were sold, so far as he knew or could discover, and he is earnest in the effort to hunt out the rum-sellers, and does it as vigorously as a dog will draw a fox from his hole.

The liquor traffic in Maine is reduced to very small proportions, and is *entirely* suppressed, except in two or three of the larger towns, and is there confined to the lowest and vilest part of the foreign population, and is carried on with the utmost secrecy and caution, and it will continue in that way until it shall be declared by law to be a felony, and be punished as such, and it will very soon come to that in Maine.

There is now no one in this State engaged, however covertly, in the liquor traffic except such as are willing to hazard the jail for the sake of the large profits made in that infamous trade. Any one engaged in that business here ranks socially with thieves and pickpockets. * * *

I repeat here that there never was a time when the policy of prohibition to the liquor traffic was more firmly established in the public opinion of Maine than it is now. The original Maine law was passed through the Legislature of 1851 by a vote of 86 to 40 in the House, and 18 to 10 in the Senate. At the last session of our Legislature, January, 1877, after an experience of twenty-six years of the results of prohibition, an act additional, with greatly increased penalties, passed through both houses without a dissenting vote.

This remarkable fact indicates the opinion and the deliberate resolve of the people of Maine upon the matter better than any quantity of speeches and resolutions and temperance meetings could do it. The people of Maine regard the liquor traffic as "the gigantic crime of crimes," and the time is not distant when it will be treated as such in our laws.

Very truly yours, NEAL DOW.

LIQUOR LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE National Temperance Society and Publication House, 58 Reade Street, New York, has just published, in cheap form, a digest of the Liquor Laws of the United States, including the Prohibitory License, Local Option, Tax and Civil Damage Laws, as they now stand in the various States of the Union. This will be found a very useful manual for temperance workers.

FATTY DEGENERATION.

SAYS Dr. Parks: "Fatty degeneration of the muscles is common in chronic inebriates, particularly those of the heart. The bones seem to be softened, and lose their earthy or mineral matter. Peculiar forms of gout come on, which cripple the patient. Forms of epilepsy and palsy that are distinct disorders, follow."

HEREDITARY DRUNKENNESS.

THE celebrated Dr. Darwin says: "It is remarkable that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, until the family becomes extinct."

Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, says: "The inheritance is a sad one; a tendency to the disease of the parent is induced as strong as that of consumption, cancer or gout, and with the tendency he must wage perpetual war, or he becomes a drunkard. * * * A very large percentage of frightful mental and brain disturbances can be traced to the drunkenness of parents, confirming the great physiological law, that 'like begets like.'"

Housekeepers' Department.

RECIPES.

HOW TO CLEAR SOAPSUDS.—It is well known that a little alum dissolved is very effective in clearing muddy water. But a short time since, some alum was applied in a manner which, from its novelty and valuable results, is worthy of notice. In a place where water is scarce, a little alum was dissolved in hot water, and thrown into a tub of thick soapsuds. In a short time the soap curdled, and, accompanied by the muddy particles, sank to the bottom, leaving the water above perfectly clear, pure and devoid of smell. This water was found very useful for washing clothing in again when poured off the sediment. A similar result was attained in a quick manner by filling a boiler with soapsuds, placing it on a fire, and throwing a bit of alum into it. When the suds boiled, the scum went over, and left the water clear, soft and as useful for washing clothes as it had originally been.

RAISED BISCUIT.—Melt a cup of butter, or half a cup of butter, and the same quantity of lard; mix the shortening with a quart of lukewarm milk, a teaspoonful of salt, and sifted flour to make a thick batter; then stir in half a cup of home-brewed yeast, or a large spoonful of distillery yeast. Sprinkle flour over

it. When cracks appear on the surface, add just sufficient flour to enable you to mould them up easily; if very stiff, they will be hard. Let the dough remain till full of holes, like a sponge, which is ascertained by cutting into it. Roll it out when light, about two-thirds of an inch in thickness; cut the dough into small cakes, with a circular tin-cutter; lay them in buttered tins; let them remain from fifteen to thirty minutes before baking them. They should be baked of a light brown, in a quick oven.

BREAKFAST DISHES.—Put into a stew-pan three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a little grated tongue or beef, pepper and salt. When quite hot, put in four eggs, well beaten, stir all the time until the mixture becomes quite thick. Have ready a slice of bread toasted and buttered, spread the mixture on the toast, and send it to table very hot.

HAM TOAST.—Melt in a stew-pan a small piece of butter till it is browned a little. Put in as much finely-minced ham as will cover a large round of buttered toast, and add as much gravy as will make it moist. When quite hot, stir in quickly, with a fork, one egg. Place the mixture over the toast, which cut in pieces of any shape you may fancy.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE novelties in dress goods for the coming season have fairly made their appearance. We see in our shop-windows brilliant fabrics, differing from anything heretofore introduced for wear in this western world, and reminding us strongly of the rich gold and silver cloths displayed in the Oriental Department of the Centennial Exhibition a year ago. These fabrics have for their groundwork some dark tint; but over this is knotted and woven, in an indescribable manner, points of bright color. Some of these fabrics are of a deep gray tint, dashed with silver; others are brown with a ruddy glow; still others are bright with tiny dashes of gold. There has nothing so rich in appearance, or so likely to come into general favor, as these goods, been introduced for a long time. The plainness in style, which fashion now dictates, is peculiarly suited for these materials. They are so rich in themselves, they need no garniture of ruffles or plaitings to set them off.

The Princess and the Breton styles of dress vie with each other in popular favor, where they are not made to fraternize. We have not only Breton jackets, but Breton polonaises, and last, but not least, a very pretty and desirable Breton blouse, which gives the plain sides of the Breton jacket, added to a full plaited front and back, and which will prove very accessible to ladies of too slender proportions.

For many years fashion has not ventured to interfere with a lady's under-clothing, beyond suggesting, in the meekest manner possible, various styles of trimming. For generations we have gone placidly on, making our under garments, just as our grandmothers and great-grandmothers did before us; but now there comes a change. It may be that society will crumble to its

foundations in consequence; but if it is so inclined it will have to crumble, for fashion, laying aside her former timidity in this matter, has become as imperious here as in all things else. The days of the chemise are numbered. For something to take its place, we may choose between the combination undergarment, sometimes called a chemilette, and the "emancipation waist," with drawers and skirts attached. It is a move in the right direction; and, in a few years from now, we shall look upon the abominations of the past, and wonder how we ever endured the inconvenient combinations of bands and gathers, all in the wrong places, which we endured so long.

Night-dresses are no longer necessarily of white. They may be of delicately-figured chintzes, or of colored chambray, prettily trimmed, and suitable for either night or morning wear.

An entire revolution is taking place in the lingerie department of a lady's wardrobe, and, in every case, or the better. Comfort and health are, for once, taken into consideration by the fickle goddess. A small waist is now no more considered the mark of beauty it once was. Tight lacing has gone out of fashion; and even corsets, becoming ashamed of their former reputations and former uses, call themselves skirt-supporters, and present many desirable modifications in their forms.

In millinery, there is such a variety, that it is impossible to even attempt an enumeration of the different styles. A well-known fashion magazine, summing up the different shapes, declares them to be "some stately, some piquant, some very stylish, some becoming, some rather rakish, and some exceedingly ugly." Milan straw, felt and velvet will all be worn during the coming season, the velvet probably having the precedence.

Editor's Department.

Strength of our Government.

IT is the strain that tests the strength. Until a man is tried and tempted, he can never be sure of his principles. Our Government, resting on the will of the governed, has been regarded by all other civilized governments as an experiment, and with most of them, its early failure and overthrow has been a foregone conclusion. Even in our own country there are many whose faith is still weak, and from whom, every now and then, is heard a prediction of evil. They sigh for what they call a stronger government; that is, for a government in which the few shall govern the many by military force.

But there is no true strength in force; for, against force the will of the governed must always be set in undying resistance. A strong government is that which the governed themselves establish, and to which they give their free consent. "A government," in the words of Mr. Lincoln, "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Such a government cannot be overthrown; because the people will that it shall stand.

Such a government is ours. It is but a century old; yet, in the first one hundred years of its existence, it has passed safely through trials that would have broken into pieces any one of the older governments of Europe. Our recent labor troubles have revived the fears of the timid and the doubting. They see a new danger looming up, and question the nation's ability to meet and conquer it. On this subject, Mr. Goldwin Smith, in an article in *The Contemporary Review*, writes clearly and sensibly, and shows the ground of our strength. Referring to this article, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says:

"Mr. Goldwin Smith writes as the partisan of no class, and the advocate of no preconceived theory, but as a thinker who has studied the social and political life of America, and is animated by sincere good-will to all classes of the American people. Not the least beneficial effect of the paper will be its reminder to European critics that great riots are not peculiar to the United States; that, in fact, labor riots have been less frequent and general there than under the less Democratic governments of Europe. With this belongs the other fact, already understood to some extent, that for the Communistic elements of the riot, not American institutions, but the maladies of European society and the shortcomings of European governments are responsible. With an eye to these French writers who have taken the riots as a text for sermons on the duty of political repression, Mr. Goldwin Smith points out with what success 'the authorities of New York, in the midst of the late riots, feeling themselves masters of the situation, ventured to illustrate the difference between the policy of America and that of French Governments, by allowing a mass-meeting of Communists to be held.' In France no meeting would have been allowed, and no proof could have been had of the emptiness of the boasts put forward by the Communist leaders. The history of the riots, as a whole, ought, thinks Mr. Goldwin Smith, to dispel the apprehensions of those Americans who believed they were living over a mine of social and industrial discontent, with which the power of the Government would prove inadequate to deal. The mine has exploded; exploded in the most perilous circumstances of industrial distress, and in the hour of the Government's

weakness. The effects were terrible enough, 'but we see how far it has been from blowing society, or any considerable portion of it, into the air.' To those who, under this apprehension, have allowed themselves to toy with the idea of Imperialism, the following passage, from Goldwin Smith's paper, may prove instructive:

"The French Empire, to which at one time a few wistful eyes were turned, especially among Americans who had undergone the influence of Paris, kept on foot, or, at least, paid for keeping on foot (for the administrative corruption was ten times worse than in the States) an army of eight hundred thousand men, besides a vast police and a pestilent swarm of spies. A comparison between this force (setting down a fair proportion of the army to the account of internal repression), and the force ordinarily used for repressive purposes by Government in the United States, will give an approximate measure of the comparative soundness of society under the two sets of institutions."

Public and Private Virtue.

EVERY now and then we are startled by the announcement that some one high in public confidence has betrayed his trust; and there generally follows a period of suspicion and doubt, in which you will hear it said, that no man is to be trusted, that "every man has his price," that "public virtue is dead," and the like. But this is a blind and hasty conclusion. All the world hears of the bold scoundrel when he is caught and exposed; but few of the faithful officers or honest traders, or incorruptible officials, whom no temptation can lead astray. For every public and private plunderer, there are more than a hundred men, who never handled nor wish to handle, a single dollar not honestly their own.

There is one view of this matter of public virtue which too often seems to be forgotten. If there be not private virtue, what surety is there for public virtue? If the man be not pure and right in his individual life, on what foundation is he to build his public integrity? If not faithful in what is least, how can he be faithful in much? A licentious man can hardly be a thoroughly honest man; and this for the reason, that licentiousness depraves the whole moral nature. It rarely happens that, in the exposures which follow some great villian, breach of trust or defalcation, it does not come out that the man has led, in private, an impure, if not a dissolute life. There are, of course, exceptions. But what we wish to emphasize is the fact that the character of such a man is not so laid in virtue and honor that he can be safely trusted with large responsibilities in the administration of which may come severe temptations. Therefore, we say, look well to the private lives of your public men; and if these be not pure and true, your trust in their public virtue rests on an insecure foundation.

Strength in Weakness.

IT is not so much the opportunity for doing good that we lack, as the will to do it. When the will leads, how wonderfully the ways are sometimes opened, weak things often doing more than the strong. Here is a remarkable instance, which was given in a letter written last summer from Ocean Grove, New

Jersey. One of the visitors to the Woman's Temperance Camp-Meeting, which was held there in August, was a Miss Smith, who is an evangelist in a strange way. "Physical suffering," says the letter, "has been her lot for eighteen years. Spinal and hip disease have rendered her helpless. She has not sat up for twelve years. She is wheeled about in a long carriage, which is at once her bed and her home. One limb is paralyzed. She is young and beautiful, well educated, thoughtful.

"She has traveled a good deal, and her carriage-bed is a part of herself, and consequently she travels in the baggage car. "Repining one day that her life was so useless, it came into her mind that her very youth and helplessness always procured for her the tenderest care of the railroad men. They would listen to her words when they would hear no one else. So to the baggage men especially she addressed herself. Her success has been wonderful. In the baggage cars she has held religious exercises, and believes that many souls have been, by this strange means, turned from their errors. She has just published an autobiography entitled 'The Valley of Buca,' which gives interesting instances of what she, in her feebleness, has been enabled to do for her fellow-mortals."

Bunyan and his Daughter.

(See Engraving.)

OUR frontispiece this month represents a scene in the life of John Bunyan, the author of that "wonderful book," as Coleridge terms it, "The Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan, it will be remembered, after his conversion, began preaching to the Baptist congregation at Bedford. He had been thus engaged some four or five years, when the act against conventicles was passed. As he refused to stop preaching, as required by this act, he was thrown into Bedford jail. Here he spent the next twelve years of his life, making tagged laces for the support of his family, which consisted of his wife and three children, one of whom had been blind from birth. He also gave much time to preaching to his fellow-prisoners, and to writing his immortal book. He was frequently offered his liberty, if he would but give up preaching. His firmness, however, remained unshaken. "If you let me go to-day," he would say, "I will preach to-morrow." At length, by the kindly interposition of Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, the sturdy non-conformist was permitted many liberties in his imprisonment—the company of his little blind daughter, among other things, being allowed him; and, finally, finding that he was not to be moved from his resolution, the authorities released him.

The Compound Oxygen Treatment.

We again refer to the advertisement of Drs. Starkey & Palen, and in doing so, would emphasize the strong assertions already made as to the curative results, which, in our own case, and under our own observation, have followed the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment. Cases of relief and cure, even more remarkable than any of those mentioned in previous numbers of our magazine, have more recently been brought to our notice, some of them seeming little less than miracles. If you are suffering from any ailment which is baffling the skill of your physician, by all means send for the pamphlet of Dr. Starkey, and read it carefully. There can be little doubt of the fact that he has come into the possession of a new agent of cure.

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE for 1878.

Our Prospectus for the new year will be found in this number. It will be seen, as announced last month, that we make an important reduction in terms to meet the steady decline of prices in every department of business. But, following this reduction will be no deterioration of quality; but increased attractions instead.

With the new number for the coming year, the readers' old favorite, VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, will give them the opening chapters of one of her charming serial stories, under the title of

"The Word of a Woman, and How She Kept It."

This story will be completed in six numbers of the magazine. In the same number will be commenced a story by T. S. ARTHUR, called

"His Dear Little Wife."

Also to be completed within six months, and to be followed by other attractive serial stories.

The general character of the magazine, with its various departments and fine illustrations, will be steadily maintained; and, as heretofore, the tone of its articles will be pure and healthy.

Always an advocate of temperance, the HOME MAGAZINE will be still more pronounced on the questions of reform and the liquor traffic. It recognizes, in the later movements which are doing so much good, an element of power that promises larger and surer results than have yet been obtained; and to these movements, so far as that element of power is shown to be in them, it will give a hearty support.

OUR CLUB-GETTERS.

We trust to have good reports from our club-getters in the coming season. The general revival in business will throw more money into the hands of the people, and it will not, therefore, be found so difficult to make up clubs as in the last three or four years. Give the HOME MAGAZINE the best possible circulation in your various neighborhoods, as well for us as for the healthy influence and genuine pleasure it will bring into every family circle where it may find an entrance.

THE CHILDRENS' FRIEND.

This is a carefully-edited, pure and good little magazine, which we commend to those who desire a periodical for their children. It is published by M. Y. Hough, No. 706 Arch street, Philadelphia. See advertisement in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE.

BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS

For Ladies' and Children's Dresses. These are given in every number of "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE."

They are acknowledged to be among the most practical and useful of any in the country, and as they are always accompanied with full descriptions of the garment, material to be used, etc., and the cost of pattern, so enabling every woman to be, if she chooses, her own dressmaker, our lady readers will see that, in this feature, our magazine is rendered almost indispensable to the family. We give these patterns by special arrangement.

ATTENTION is called to the offer made by the National Silver-Plating Co., 704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, in our columns. Their silver-ware is beautiful and their offer available for ninety days.

ADVERTISEMENTS.**'DOMESTIC'**

THE LIGHT-RUNNING quality of the popular "DOMESTIC" renders it the most desirable SEWING MACHINE, both for health and comfort. SIMPLEST AND STRONGEST of all machines. NOISELESS AND RAPID in all operations, and ALWAYS IN ORDER, it saves time. Has the AUTOMATIC, self-regulating Tension and Take-up. EFFICIENT, it does every variety of sewing. DOUBLE THREAD, LOCK STITCH, firm seam. "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, COR. BROADWAY AND 14th ST., NEW YORK.



Ladies Elegant Imitation ROSE CORAL SET, Breastpin and Pendant Drops, sent post paid to any reader of this Magazine for 25 cents. Three sets for 50 cents. Imitation Sleeve Buttons to match, 25 cents per set, or three sets for 50 cents. Elegant Necklaces with Charms, \$1.00 each. Currency or P. O. Stamp to BRIDE & CO., Clinton Place, New York.

40

Finely-Printed Visiting Cards (9 tints), with your name on them all, for only 10 cts. STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

**PIANOS
ORGANS**

Magnificent Brand-New \$650 Rosewood Pianos, only \$175. Must be sold. Fine Rosewood Upright Pianos, little used, cost \$800, only \$125. Parlor Organs, 2 stops, \$45; 3 stops, \$65; 12 stops, only \$78. Other great bargains. "Mr. Beatty sells first-class Pianos and Organs lower than any other establishment." —Herald. You ask why? I answer, Hard Times. Our employees must have work. Sales over \$1,000,000 annually. War commenced by the monopolists. Battle raging. Particulars free. Address

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J., U. S. A. AMATEUR PRINTERS buy Blank Cards from JOHNSTON & CO., Mfrs., Harrisburg, Pa. Price-List free.

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1878.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

The peculiar character of our magazine, its special work and mission in the homes of the people, and its many attractive features, are so well known, that we need not refer to them here. There will be no material change in anything, only an effort at improvement. The opening number for the new year will contain the first chapters of two new serial stories. One of these will be from the pen of that charming writer, **VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND**, an old favorite with our readers, entitled,

"The Word of a Woman, and How She Kept It."

From the well-known ability and reputation of Miss Townsend, we may look for a serial of unusual interest. The other will be from the pen of **T. S. ARTHUR**, under the title of

"His Dear Little Wife."

The story of a sweet child-woman's tender love and wedded life, and how and why her husband lost her.

OTHER SERIALS. During the year, from two to three attractive serial stories besides these will be given, one of them a Temperance Story from the pen of **MR. ARTHUR**, but none will occupy the magazine for a longer period than from four to six months. Instead of running a story through the year, as heretofore, we shall give it larger space in each number, and so complete it more rapidly, and without the long delays which, to most readers, are so tantalizing.

THE STORY-TELLER. This department of the **HOME MAGAZINE** will continue to be a leading and attractive feature. As a power for good and for evil, fiction is exercising at this day a most important and wide-spread influence. The story is sought for and read by young and old in all classes of society, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is helping to form the tastes, direct the sentiments and mould the characters of a large proportion of the men and women of our generation. How important, then, that it should be pure in tone and healthy in its teachings. Such in the **HOME MAGAZINE** it has always been, and such it will always continue to be. The time was when the light sneer at "moral fiction" had weight with the public; but that time is past, for the public has learned that the most powerful and deeply absorbing of all fiction is that which, in the hands of a skilled writer, exhibits the struggles and triumphs of a soul battling with evil, and overcoming in that divine strength which comes to all who will take and use it.

GENERAL LITERATURE. As heretofore, the department of general literature will have a wide range, and give popular and instructive articles on history, travel, science, natural history, etc.

A MAGAZINE ON THE SIDE OF TEMPERANCE. The **HOME MAGAZINE**, which has always been opposed to the liquor traffic, as a great national evil, and on the side of entire abstinence from intoxicating beverages as the only remedy for the wide-spread curse of drink, will be still more earnest and pronounced in its opposition to this traffic in every form. It will also give to the Christian temperance movement, which is arousing the hearts and consciences of the people through our land, all the aid, sympathy, support and direction in its power to offer.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE PEOPLE. As it has been, so will it continue to be, "A Magazine for the People," devoted to the culture of all the best and purest-household affections; a magazine in which the charms of a graceful literature shall be united with the truest and noblest principles; a magazine that, while it always comes as a cheerful and pleasant companion, will endeavor to prove itself a true and faithful friend.

BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS For Ladies' and Children's Dresses, are given as usual every month.

NEW AND BETTER TERMS. We shall make a still farther reduction in our rates for the coming year, as will be seen by the following

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1 Copy, one year,	\$3.25
2 Copies,	4.00
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6 " and one to club-getter,	11.00
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The Compound Oxygen Treatment.

The virtues of this *Curative Agent* need only to be known, to challenge the confidence of all intelligent people.

Eight years of extensive practice with it, (our predecessor practised it for four years before,) qualify us to speak with certainty of its merits. We are confident that no other mode of cure can show nearly so large a proportion of chronic cases cured; and we defy any one to exhibit more wonderful cures than are numbers of our perfectly authenticated cases.

We can refer to many cases of, so called, incurable diseases that are now healthy monuments of what is being done every day; Consumption, Catarrhs, Ozæna, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, and the most painful nervous disorders. Diverse diseases are cured by this Agent because, not being a medicament, but Nature's own Remedy, its sphere of action is universal; and being *Oxygen Magnetized*, it is the most wonderful *vitalizer* of the human body ever known.

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No conviction is stronger with us than that nine out of ten who are in the first, *confirmed*, stage of this malady can be genuinely cured. And yet, this Agent is no more potent to cure *phthisis*, than other formidable maladies. For the truth of this, we are permitted, by themselves, to refer to Hon. S. FIELD, Judge of U. S. Supreme Court, and his accomplished wife; Mrs. HALLIT KILBURN; Judge SAMUEL SMITH, New York; Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR; Ex-Governor BOREMAN, W. Va.; Hon. WM. D. KELLEY; Gen. FITZ HENRY WARREN, and many more of scarcely less note. One strong proof of the deserved reputation of the Compound Oxygen is the fact of the numerous imitations of it by irresponsible parties, and which they palm off as the same agent, under other names. They *do not* administer Compound Oxygen, and every such pretence is a fraud.

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